

'THE OUTER LIMITS'—MONSTERS FROM THE TUBE

Rod Serling's
THE TWILIGHT ZONE Magazine
DECEMBER 1983 / \$2.50
S*M 14369

Stephen King's
Dead Zone

FILMING THE
IMPOSSIBLE

Timothy Hutton
in 'Iceman'



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EIGHT STORIES FOR HALLOWEEN



Rod Serling's THE TWILIGHT ZONE Magazine

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November/December 1983

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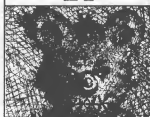
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Calling All Hallows . . .

There are those who claim that Halloween without **RAMSEY CAMPBELL** would be like Christmas without Santa Claus—a figure who, in fact, appears in one of Campbell's most effective horror tales, "The Chimney." Now that the frost is officially on the pumpkin, we're pleased to have Campbell with us once again. ("Again," come to think of it, was the title of his story in our Halloween '81 issue; it remains among the most terrifying stories we've ever published.) Campbell and his family now live in Wallasey, just across the river from his native Liverpool. His latest book, *Incarinate*, "a long novel about dreams invading reality," is out this month from Macmillan; he's now at work on a new one, to be called *For the Rest of Their Lives*.

JOHN SLADEK also makes his home Over There—London, in his case—but he's an American and, as we write this, is preparing to move back. We ran an excerpt from his comic novel *Roderick* back in September '81, and the plucky little robot's saga continues in Slade's latest book, *Roderick at Random*. Sladek is always an ingenious writer, spinning off dozens of provocative ideas, usually to some satiric end. *Ursa Minor* is one of his rarer excursions into horror, but, typically, it's a thinking man's horror.

PAUL DARCY BOLES is a much-published author with some nine novels to his credit (most recently *Glory Day* from Random House), as well as two books of short stories; he's appeared in almost all the major magazines both here and abroad. **CHET WILLIAMSON**, on the other hand, got his start in these very pages with "Offices," our October '81 cover story. He soon sold us two more, as well as a couple of quizzes. Now he's gone on to the very big time indeed, with pieces in both *Playboy* and *The New Yorker* appearing almost simultaneously this past summer. **FRANCOIS CAMOIN** is another *Playboy* alumnus, with a short story collection published by the U. of Missouri Press. Like both Sladek and Boles, he seems capable of turning the most ancient myth into something both modern and believable.



Haiblum

Beres

Boles

Schow

Cam

MICHAEL BERES's short fiction has appeared in the *Michigan Quarterly Review* and *PulpSmith*. Though he makes his living in computer software, he's currently looking for an adventurous publisher for his occult thriller, *Sunstrike*.

A.R. MORLAN, who's supplied this month's quiz, is the quintessential TZ reader, an avid sf-horror fan with seven cats, a background in English (though currently, like Norman Bates, she works in a motel), and a strong interest in writing. She's now at work on a horror quiz about old-timers to follow the one on children printed here.

THOMAS DISCH usually appears as TZ's book reviewer, but since he's chosen to take a break from the battle this issue, we've hastily corralled **KARL EDWARD WAGNER** (of DAW's *Year's Best Horror* series) into subbing for him, and are presenting Disch in his more familiar role, as a writer of fiction. Forthcoming from Disch: *The Businessman: A Novel of Horror* (Harper & Row) and, via Disney, an animated version of his story "The Brave Little Toaster." Current Wagner: *In a Lonely Place and Dark Crusade*, both from Warner.

DAVID SCHOW is also a writer of fiction ("Pulpmeister," TZ Dec. '82), but here he, too, switches hats to that of Media Historian, bringing you the first of an exhaustively researched four-part series on *The Outer Limits*—something readers have been clamoring for ever since it became clear that Marc Scott Zicree's column on *The Twilight Zone* couldn't last forever.

Finally, this issue reunites, for the fourth time, two old book-mates, **ISIDORE HAIBLUM** and **RON GOULART**. (Haiblum's *Outerworld* and Goulart's *Dr. Scofflaw* formed

the two halves of the Dell *Shooting Stars* #3, a regrettably short-lived series that tried to find a home for novella-length fiction.) Goulart has been manning our "Nostalgia" desk since June, looking back through slightly jaundiced adult eyes—though not without affection—at some of his childhood inspirations: radio crimefighters, comic-book supermen, matinee monsters, and, this issue, the two-fisted stalwarts of the Saturday afternoon serials. We're now awaiting the novelization of "Groucho" (TZ April '82), his story about the talking cat. (Working title: *Tiger*.) It'll be—oh, God, Goulart's two hundredth book, or something like that.

Haiblum's life, works, and sundry adventures have been chronicled in his *Confessions of a Freelance Fantasist*, concluded in this issue. As he mentions in this installment, he has two novels coming out in June of '84, from Doubleday and NAL. The heroes of the latter, whom he describes as "two New York boys," will be carrying on their intergalactic exploits in a trio of further books from NAL.

We think of **FREDRIC BROWN** (1906-1972) every time we receive a really clever short-short, for though he wrote full-length science fiction novels such as *What Mad Universe* and *Martians*, *Go Home*, as well as mysteries such as *The Screaming Mimi*, his specialty, in which he's never been equaled, was the one-page short-short with the socko ending. You can find the best of them in collections like *Nightmares* and *Gezenstacks* and *Honeymoon in Hell*, from which we've taken his now-classic vignette, *Imagine*. It seems a particularly appropriate piece to reprint in this magazine, since the *Twilight Zone* has often been called "the dimension of imagination."



Williamson Goulart Miller Wagner Morlan

Brown reveals just where that dimension lies: it's a lot closer than you've ever imagined.

Brown's words get star treatment in this TZ: they're illuminated by one of our most talented artists, JILL KARLA SCHWARZ. Our favorite of her illustrations, the one she did for Melissa Mia Hall's "In a Green Shade," will appear in the special Twilight Zone 1984 calendar we're including in our next issue.

Speaking of artists, it's time we paid tribute to one of our more unusual ones, D.W. MILLER, who's represented here by the extraordinary Da Vinci-like centaur studies on page 35. Miller is a gaunt, shy, furtive fellow who peers at the world from behind dark glasses and seems to treat art as a kind of criminal activity. We're still not sure exactly where he lives—somewhere in the dread Lower East Side, presumably, in a ratty little rooming house without a phone. We're only able to reach him at his place of work, some sort of sweatshop where they refuse to take messages and won't let anyone talk to him till after six. When Miller himself calls here, one has the impression that he's completing a drug deal or passing atomic secrets. The conversation is always conducted, on his part, in a soft, urgent whisper, as if he's constantly peering over his shoulder to make sure enemy agents haven't tracked him down. It usually goes something like this: "Uh, hi . . . Ted? Miller here . . . (A sinister chuckle.) I've, uh, got something for you . . . (Cough, cough. Ominous sounds from room behind him, followed by interference on line.) Uh, look, I can come up tonight. Seven o'clock okay?" Miller never arrives during the day; it's always after hours when he slips into the office, silently, almost

surprisingly. Once he showed up with his right hand heavily—and, in fact, still bloodily—bandaged; he mumbled something about having put his fist through a glass door, but swore he could work as well left-handed, and did so. Once he showed up with his head almost completely shaven except for a mysterious little topknot whose significance he refused to explain. Once he had a collection of Randall Jarrell's poems under his arm, and proceeded to quote several of them from memory. And, till now, he's always carried with him a large, battered notebook crammed with sketches; he tends to do a dozen studies of all shapes and sizes for each illustration we assign him, but the book was also full of Kley-like drawings of misshapen monsters, naked women, and weird combinations of both. It's clear that Miller has, aside from sheer talent, a rich, dark, perverse imagination. (We've had to tell him, in the past, to eliminate pubic hair from one illustration and to tone another down; it was just too horrible.) He's always experimenting with new techniques: drawing on paper he's rubbed with the nub of a ball-point pen, even trying to grow real mold on the illustration he did for Hodgson's "Voice in the Night." His notebook sketches have tended to be looser and more spontaneous than his finished work, and so with this in mind we've reprinted one as the illustration for *Centaur*. The entire notebook was worth reprinting, in fact, and we'd hoped someday to do so. You'll observe, however, that in speaking of it we've been using the past tense, for we've just learned that the book has been stolen from some barroom Miller frequents. So it looks like you'll just have to take our word for it after all.

—TK

THE ROD SERLING'S TWILIGHT ZONE MAGAZINE

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Books

by Karl Edward Wagner



I began reading horror stories when I was eight or nine years old, and then I read every horror book I could get hold of. Whenever I read one that was aimed at young people—it wouldn't be called horror fiction, just ghost stories, spooky tales—I wished I hadn't bothered. Those books wouldn't have scared a neurotic three-year-old. Most of the stories had obviously been written for kids."

Thus British horror writer Ramsey Campbell introduces his anthology, *The Gruesome Book* (Piccolo books, £1.00), a collection of stories that scared Campbell as a kid. It seems unlikely that any U.S. publisher will dare to bring out an edition of *The Gruesome Book*, which is a shame, as this is an excellent anthology. Its nine stories

include such classic frighteners as "The Graveyard Rats" by Henry Kuttner, "The Pond" by Nigel Kneale, and "Bones" by Donald A. Wollheim, in addition to newer pieces such as "Hobo" by Robert Bloch and Campbell's own "Calling Card." Campbell caps off the collection with David Langford's "3:47 AM"—original to the collection, a refugee from Campbell's stillborn *New Terrors* 3, and a tantalizing suggestion of what Campbell had in store for us had Pan Books opted for a third *New Terror* volume. Ivan Lapper, an artist new to me, provides superb illustrations (most of them double-page) for each story, along with a wraparound cover. Campbell intends *The Gruesome Book* to be "an introduction to good adult horror fiction," and so it is. Get your book dealer to order copies. Buy one for yourself, one for your kids, one for your nieces and nephews. As the twig is bent . . .

A good example of the sort of books Campbell inveighs against can be had from Bantam Books through

their new Dark Forces series. (Presumably the name is taken from Kirby McCauley's award-winning horror anthology, *Dark Forces*, which Bantam reprinted, although any resemblance is purely coincidental.) Initially there are four books in the series: *The Doll* by Rex Sparger, *The Game* by Less Logan, and *Magic Show and Devil Wind*, both by Laurie Bridges and Paul Alexander. The books are uniformly and very attractively packaged, and sell for \$1.95 each. The reading audience is suggested for age twelve and up, and their avowed purpose is to satisfy the cravings of younger readers for horror fiction without exposing them to all that sex and nastiness. Unfortunately, they are insipid reworkings of the tired and trite—Harlequin romances served up with a dash of the occult. Manly Wade Wellman, who has written numerous juveniles in addition to his fantasy novels and stories, has often commented that too many authors try to write juveniles because they figure their audience will be less demanding than an adult readership; instead,

*Editor's note: Thomas Disch is taking a vacation from his column this month, but will return in our next issue with reviews of Umberto Eco's *The Name of the Rose*, Gordon Lish's *Dear Mr. Capote*, and Stanley Ellin's *The Dark Fantastic*.*



young readers are the first to recognize a load of baloney when they're served such. Forget the Dark Forces series. There are more genuine thrills and chills still to be found in the old Hardy Boys and Nancy Drew books.

Little wonder that young readers have a craving for horror fiction. I don't know just how it all began, but over the last decade or so kids have become the staple ingredient of the popular market horror novel. Cruise the supermarket paperback sections, and most of the horror novels you'll find will have some kid on the cover—either as the terrified victim of Something Evil or as the menacing little monster with psychic power and/or demonic possession.

In keeping with this trend, a child is the protagonist of what is probably the best horror novel to come out of 1982, *Phantom* by Thomas Tessier (Atheneum, \$13.95). Tessier is the former editor of Millington Books, a small British publisher who brought out several major works of contemporary horror. Like his friend Peter Straub, Tessier was an American living in England when he began his writing career, and he now resides in Connecticut. His first horror novel, *The Fates*, is inextricably bound in my mind with Straub's early horror novel, *If You Could See Me Now*—partly because I read both books immediately after meeting these two authors at Peter's Bar in London, and partly because there are similarities in their writing. In a booming genre in which too many inept writers have jumped on the horror bandwagon, Straub and Tessier are in the minority: literate stylists with an abiding commitment to horror fiction. Tessier's second entry in the horror genre, *The Nightwalker*, escaped recognition despite multiple paperback and

hardcover editions: tragic, since it is the best werewolf novel of the past fifty years.

Phantom is Tessier's most ambitious effort to date. It is not as successful a novel as *The Nightwalker*, but it easily holds its own against the competition and should not be missed. *Phantom* is a difficult book to categorize; both concept and structure are decidedly nonformula. In addition to the Straub influence, *Phantom* calls to mind such diverse authors as Mervyn Peake, Davis Grubb, and William Hope Hodgson. This is not to say that Tessier is consciously imitating any author's work; it is just that *Phantom* is so strange a novel that the reader grasps for comparisons.

Phantom is the stuff of nightmares. As a prologue, four-year-old Ned Covington awakes through childhood nightmares to witness his mother suffer an apparently fatal asthma attack. The inexplicable suddenness of her attack and



recovery impresses upon his childish imagination the tenuous frailty of human existence in the face of the powers of darkness—the inescapable logic of childhood magic-thinking: step on a crack and you most certainly will break your mother's back. Five years later, *Phantom* picks up with Ned and his parents—all still touched by that traumatic night—starting a new life in Lynnhaven, one of those eastern coastal towns bypassed by the flow of interstates and not yet discovered by trendy middle-class couples as a bedroom

SF's grandmaster imagines what a consumer's paradise could be. Sheer hell.

Everyone is rich. Energy is limitless. Humans have to struggle to use up their quota of credits. Even robots are programmed to be consumers. So what's wrong? Plenty, as the multi-award winning Frederik Pohl prophesies an earth threatened by inexhaustible feast rather than famine. Pohl's inimitable touch makes *Midas World* "witty and penetrating: an engaging look into folly, both human and alien!" —Kirkus Reviews

"As this provocative work makes plain, Pohl remains one of SF's all-time masters of satiric extrapolation." —Publishers Weekly

Midas World
A NOVEL
Frederik Pohl

Available wherever books are sold
ST. MARTIN'S PRESS

community. Lynnhaven boasts a vividly envisioned abandoned resort hotel (a hot springs spa that went to seed back when the Overlook was a going concern) that rivals those sprawling and sinister gothic ruins of Walpole and Radcliffe. The spa itself is so overpowering that the subtle and murderous haunting of the Covingtons' new home (understood only by Ned) seems as natural as leaves in the yard.

Phantom's chief flaw is structural, in that there are simply too many supernatural menaces which are never fully integrated; the novel tends to creep off in all directions. What does make *Phantom* an effective chiller is its terrifying portrayal of the isolation of childhood fears. Ned is alone against malevolent forces which he knows are directed toward him, forces against which he must wage an inevitably losing battle with whatever resources a nine-year-old can draw upon. He cannot confide in his parents; his only companions are a pair of local characters who are careful to keep him in ignorance of the circumstances behind the peril that is closing upon him. I was constantly reminded of *Opie* skipping off to the fishing hole with Andy and Gomer, but this homespun coziness only makes all the more terrifying Ned's desperate heroism against the malign powers that seek to claim him. Childie Opie to the dark tower came . . .

Kids are again in the thick of things in *Halloween III* (Jove, \$2.95), subtitled *Season of the Witch*. You had every reason to ignore this book when it appeared last autumn in conjunction with the film, but there are several good reasons why you should make the effort to find a copy now, before it vanishes into the limbo that awaits film novelizations. First, the author of the novelization is none other than Dennis Etchison, masked by his "Jack Martin" pseudonym. Second, the author of the original screenplay is Nigel Kneale, whose name (one supposes by his request) has been removed from the credits. These two men are certainly among the five best horror writers of today—Etchison known primarily for his short fiction, and Kneale best remembered for his Quatermass teleplays for the BBC. Kneale's screenplay had nothing at all to do with the two previous archetypal stalk-and-slash films in the *Halloween* series. In a typical Hollywood merchandising ploy, the film was going to be entitled *Halloween III* and that was that, despite the fact that Carpenter had decided against a sequel to *Halloween II*.

Unfortunately, between Kneale's script and Etchison's novelization, there was a film. Carpenter's revised script was tricked out with all the obligatory shock and mayhem scenes so dear to the current subgenre of spatter films, intent upon



overpowering audiences with high-tech gore whenever their interest might lag. Etchison tries to retain as much of Kneale's script as was consistent with the film, but this is mixing oil and water. *Halloween III* is by no means a good horror novel, the plot being some nonsense about inserting bits of Stonehenge into kids' Halloween masks. However, it deserves attention for the frequent flashes of Kneale's familiar themes (e.g., stones as foci for supernatural forces) and the controlled menace of Etchison's prose. One can only regret that this was not a direct collaboration between these two authors—or better still, Kneale's own novelization of his original screenplay. *Halloween III* might have been a major work. Do they ever remake film novelizations?

A little girl lost effectively sets the mood of fear in the prologue to Alan Ryan's *The Kill* (Tor, \$2.95). This is the second novel by Ryan, his first being a suspense novel, *Panther!* Ryan has already established his name in the front ranks of today's horror writers through his short fiction, and he brings the same caring craftsmanship to *The Kill*. For a welcome change, characterization upstages gore in a contemporary horror novel, without sacrificing a presence of terror that builds throughout the book. Its plot is straightforward enough—a young couple leave the security of despised jobs in New York City for the fulfillment of personal dreams in an isolated village in the Catskills—but the menace that awaits them there must certainly rate as one of the most original monsters this genre has ever known. I almost said "ever seen"—but that, as readers of *The Kill* will discover, would be inaccurate. 17



"Chapter Two . . ."

Screen

by Gahan Wilson



I don't know if it's official and taught in high school physics these days, but it's dead obvious that there's a natural law which is firmly opposed to the even distribution of anything. A glance at the universe shows a laughable concentration of matter into little bitsy stars and planets, while space goes on and on and on and ON all around them; and down here on earth the social phenomenon of money and the inequality of its dispersion is positive proof that Stuff shows an extraordinary tendency to *lump* rather than *spread out*.

In the area of this column, the above is demonstrated with particular clarity by the tendency of film producers to release all their most cherished, most hoped-for films in that season of the year known as summer. Comes the solstice and suddenly your reviewer is faced with a glut of films both horrible and fantastic. No longer must he choose between *The Turkey Claw* from *Outer Space* or *Tuesday the Eleventh* as the strongest lead for his *Twilight Zone* critique, nor does he need to ponder whether he should review—or even bother to mention—*Mad Chickens*. Instead he finds himself dashing from one posh preview to the next, each time emerging more heavily burdened with folders and other whatnot kindly given him by public-relations experts. The problem changes entirely, and in place of his usual famine he is presented with a feast which he must, in all



"... a knack for stepping on big moments and squishing them." Luke Skywalker (Mark Hamill) and Chewbacca (Peter Mayhew) are held captive by Ewoks in *Return of the Jedi*.

conscience, not only view but review.

How could I, for example, not comment on *Return of the Jedi* and still pretend I was covering the field? Has there ever been a film more anxiously anticipated? This one is it: the wrapper-upper, the explainer, the happy-end of the *Star Wars* saga! It is also the focus of endless lines of ticket-holders patiently enduring the orders of security guards (they didn't *used* to have security guards at movies), the subject of vast numbers of full-page ads in metropolitan dailies, and the chief dream in the heads of countless kids who drink their breakfast milk from Chewbacca glasses. There is no way I could skip *Return of the Jedi*.

And yet I wish I could, friends. I wish I could.

Who was it who saw that first, rather crude trailer for *Star Wars*—just a few odd shots of this and that, all chaotically assembled—and knew, just *knew* that something was really afoot, and thus arranged to be at the first show on the very first day in (remarkable to think of it) a near empty auditorium? It was I, friends. Did anyone cheer louder than I when Han Solo's ship first made the stars fly by our ears? No. Anybody chuckle more and get more crinkly-eyed over the doings of C-3PO and R2-D2 than yours truly? Not on your goddam life, they didn't.

Let's start out, then, by firmly stating that there are some really excellent bits to *Return of the Jedi*. It's true that most of them are in the

first reel, but they *are* there. There's a most excellent fiend in the person, so to speak, of Boba Fett, who looks like a cross between a scaly walrus and one of those tacky little Buddha incense burners they used to sell in Woolworth's. Boba is handled like a cross between Akim Tamiroff and Wallace Beery playing a Mexican bandit, he has a great voice combining Jeremy Bulloch and some sort of kettle drum effect (which gives it a swell evil rumble), and he likes to keep pretty girls dressed in sideshow hootch-dancer costumes with a chain on them so he can jerk them around when he likes. He's got a mad little companion which is half court jester and half pilot fish, and a huge monster he can feed people to when he gets tired of them.

Which brings us to the bad bits, which, outside of a few bright flashes here and there—with all those dedicated and talented people working on sets and makeup and so on, you just have to have bright flashes—constitute pretty much the rest of the movie.

Much of the trouble can be laid to the script, which does all sorts of things you probably were afraid it might do. Yes, Darth Vader is dragged over to the side of the angels; but then you knew, deep down inside your heart, that that was going to happen when he began talking with the mellow tones of James Earl Jones, didn't you? (Though I don't think you knew it was going to be *this* bad.) Also there are many, creaking

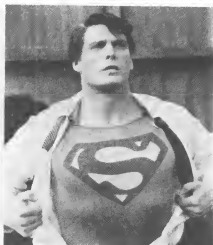
resolutions, various expected deaths, and diverse shaky explanations. Yes, a good deal of the trouble can be laid to the script.

But the scripts were *always*, by and large, mere whacka-doo froth, pop fluff, fun and games with comic-book operatics, and it never bothered anybody much. A deal of innocent enjoyment was had. Things rolled along from one rowdy special effect to the next.

The second element awry in *Jedi* is that everybody seems to have run out of steam. The fresh enthusiasm of the series, always its most touching aspect, is gone, friends, gone. Everybody seems tired and slightly bleary, as if they'd had too much to drink last night. There are fatigue lines on all our heroes' faces, little sloppinesses in the special effects, needed tuckings-in of shirts and gloves, and, all around, a feeling that the tiny details have been allowed to slide.

This leads us directly to the third and major weakness in *Jedi*: its director, Richard Marquand, who seems to have a knack which almost amounts to genius for stepping on Big Moments and squishing them. He does it over and over until you come to expect it and dread it, and then he does it again. The special virtue of *Star Wars* is its Wagnerian sensationalism, dammit, and Marquand always chokes it off. I don't know if he's trying to be understated about it all—an odd approach to intergalactic combat—or if he just didn't get the idea. Whatever the reason, one moment after another which should have been dramatic and could have been moving simply fizzles.

I think the ultimate triumph of Mr. Marquand's deflation of the *Star Wars* saga is that he made the removal of Lord Darth Vader's mask nothing much. Now you'll have to admit this takes some doing. Personally, before seeing *Jedi* I would have taken a small bet that the thing was impossible. "No matter what," I would have said, putting my five bucks confidently on the table, "I don't care how simple-minded the premise of the scene is, it's got to make the folks gasp." Not so. I would have lost my money. Off goes the helmet and off goes the mask, both with—considering all the



"The producers clearly defeat their own hero." Christopher Reeve, once again the Man of Steel in Superman III, is outshone by Robert Vaughn's "totally heartless" portrayal of a villain.

thousands of clever little flights of imagination in these films over ships, weapons, and other gadgetry—an almost unbelievable lack of fun in how they're undone; they come off with as little complication as a plastic Vader Halloween mask. And (I was ready for this, almost, and looked round the theater instantly to get the reaction) nobody so much as paused in their consumption of popcorn. I was, and am, amazed. An extraordinary fumble.

Another movie which there is no way for me not to review is *Superman III*. I have made it clear, in these little essays, that I loathe the underlying tone of this series because—and it is a jolly piece of irony—the producers of *Superman* clearly detest their own hero. No matter that he has fed millions into their Swiss bank accounts, they cannot abide him. They squirm at the thought of honesty, integrity, and a decent respect for the rights of their fellow men, all of which are essential traits for the Man of Steel; and as for the concept of nobility of spirit, they scramble from it as Dracula scrambles from the sun. This is why, in every film they've made of him, they do everything they can to smear shit all over the innocent, well-intended myth which sold comic books by the newsstand-full and now makes 'em line up before the theater on steamy summer afternoons. It's interesting and not a little depressing.

Superman III is, I think, perhaps the best of the three, which is not to say it is particularly good as movies go. Scattered throughout this film are more scenes which manage to get that comic book feel than in previous tries, and the dowdy clumpiness

which has heretofore characterized the series is relieved to a considerable degree by the doings of Robert Vaughn, who portrays another in his long line of sons of bitches. Vaughn has made a specialty of playing totally heartless bastards with a nice, sprightly comic feel, completely eschewing the cop-out idea that there is anywhere in the fellow a heart of gold or the remotest possibility of Scroogian reform. The producers obviously approve wholeheartedly of this sort of fellow, and Vaughn has a grand time. There is, of course, the de rigueur sequence wherein Superman is debased disgustingly so that everybody can snicker at the idea of a human, even a superhero, aspiring to dignity.

Twilight Zone—The Movie is, of course, of more than ordinary interest to anyone connected with this magazine, since it is bound to have repercussions on *Twilight Zone—This Publication*. It has already: I was out wandering the streets and, wishing to call TZ's distinguished editor, I dialed information for the number and got it, but not before the information-giver softly sang, "Tee dee, tee dee, Tee dee, tee dee!" I'm hoping this is an indication we will all become rich and famous.

The Movie is, I'm sorry to say, a mixed bag. It starts out very nicely with a little routine between Dan Aykroyd and Albert Brooks as a

"... a sinister little kid who can do anything he wants." Jeremy Uicht as a television-added youngster with unlimited psi powers in Joe Dante's segment of *Twilight Zone—The Movie*.



couple of nostalgics flirting happily with fear on a lonely country road. This very satisfactory and unpretentious little item—in its way quite possibly the best thing in the movie—is directed by John Landis, and I would like to think it makes up for the next chunk, this one a full, episodic also directed by Landis. But it doesn't. The full episode is, in its understated way, one of the most appalling bits of moral idiocy I've seen in some time on the silver screen, for it takes as its essential premise the idea that it would be a fine and good thing to round up those afflicted with racial prejudice and antisemitism and send them to Nazi death camps. Landis seems to think that would be one hell of an idea. Sorry, John, but no *sieg heils* for you from this fearless reporter.

The second full episode was directed by Steven Spielberg and is just dreadful. It concerns a bunch of dear, sweet, sentimentalized-to-the-point-where-it-makes-you-want-to-scream old folks who are transformed by Scatman Crothers, playing the tooth fairy, into a bunch of dear, sweet, sentimentalized-to-the-point-where-it-makes-you-want-to-scream cute young kids. The whole thing gives a sparkling new meaning to the word maudlin.

Okay, that was the bad part. Now we're moving on to the good part, and it is a good part. The third episode, directed by Joe Dante, is a variant of Jerome Bixby's "It's a Good Life," which is one of the best whimsical but scary short stories in the genre. Dante's premise is that the sinister little kid who can do *anything he wants*—played with a satisfactory eeriness by Jeremy Licht—is one of those little nippers who have been brought up by lazy moms who plunked them before television sets and left them for hours and hours alone with animated cartoons. With the passage of time they've semi-fried his head, and so the kid indulges his absolutely unlimited psi powers along the lines taught him by his idols, Bugs Bunny, Donald Duck, Pluto, and the rest—a sort of madhouse violence belonging to the "Look, the old lady slipped on a banana peel and broke her ass!" school of humor, which dates back to such treasured hilarities of our ancestors as feeding Christians to the lions and bear baiting.



"If we must destroy ourselves, we should at least do it to the accompaniment of superior graphics." Computer whiz Matthew Broderick and high-school sweetheart Ally Sheedy after their report cards in *WarGames*.

Dante gets a lot out of his twist: we have terrified adults making fools of themselves to the background accompaniment of whoops, roars, and explosions from dozens of tv sets playing cartoons all over the house; and we have the house itself, the kid's fantasy made real (it has a cartoon living room set which could not be improved upon), and the sort of ghastly sadism practiced on actual human beings which would make a Popeye chuckle.

The most sinister part of it all is its end, wherein the mad but omnipotent kid drives off into the sunset with a new adult recruit (played by Kathleen Quinlan) who, in a very dubious way, has "helped" her little friend. Together they pull off an awesome demonstration which, in its way, is as good an example of the impartiality of absolute power as Mark Twain's *The Mysterious Stranger*.

The last episode, directed by George Miller and starring John Lithgow as a terrified airplane passenger aloft in the mother and father of thunderstorms, is, in its unpretentious but efficient way, a complete success. I don't think I'll describe it at all, since it's experienced best surprise by surprise. Take my word, it's fun, and keep thinking of it as you slog your way through Landis's and Spielberg's bums. Don't let those drive you from the theater.

First E.T. came along to demoralize the folks at the Disney company and make them wonder why in hell they didn't think of *that*, and now *WarGames* has arrived to grind it into their faces that somehow, some way, something's

been lost since Walt's been gone. It is another perfect Disney movie made by others.

If you are parents, particularly parents who aren't too crazy about the idea of World War Three, by all means do take your little nippers to see *WarGames*. They will enjoy it very much, and they will be subtly brainwashed by an extremely clever moral message which may, who knows, turn them into the sort of adults who may effectively avoid our continuing down the silly road adults are currently following.

The film stars Matthew Broderick, who seems to have gotten a hell of a headstart on his acting career. What will he have achieved by the time he reaches maturity? Broderick plays one of those kids who really won't be happy until they get through M.I.T. and settle down at last into their little cubicle in Silicone Valley. His bedroom is awash with electronic gear, he knows endless ways to get around Ma Bell's protective devices, and his computer loves him. He is, of course, a devoted player of video games, and when he learns of dandy new ones coming up, he has cute means of getting in on them free via complex circuitry and little ploys with telephone numbers.

This time, however, whilst busily in search of a game lauded in an ad in his favorite computer magazine, Broderick stumbles unwittingly on the game, the *WarGame*, that game they play deep under a mountain somewhere in this great country of ours, the one plugged into the missiles with the bombs in them, and the submarines, and those other

(continued on page 74)

Nostalgia

by Ron Goulart

Next Week: The Tunnel of Terror



"One of the people who introduced us to science fiction." Buster Crabbe as Flash protects Jean Rogers from the spells of Beatrice Roberts in *Flash Gordon's Trip to Mars* (1938).

In 1936 Buster Crabbe, much to his chagrin, had his hair bleached and assumed the role that was to haunt him for the rest of his life. When Crabbe died earlier this year, there was not a single obituary that didn't mention the fact he had been Flash Gordon. But Crabbe had also played Tarzan and Buck Rogers; he impersonated these fantasy and science fiction heroes not in technicolor epics and not in Academy Award contenders, but in low-budget serials, weekly shorts that added even more cheap thrills to the already action-packed afternoon movie programs of the 1930s and '40s. To those of us who grew up back then, Crabbe, as he tangled with Ming the Merciless and Killer Kane on threadbare sets that still somehow managed to convince you that you were on the far planets, was one of the people who introduced us to science fiction.

Back then, before I ever thought of taking a girlfriend up into the balcony, one of the great moments of the weekend movie matinee was the serial chapter. The serials offered, among a myriad of other things, rocket ships, robots, ray guns, monsters, flying men, and weird locales.

In the heyday of the sound serial, roughly from the middle 1930s to the mid-'40s, a fairly large quantity of continued-next-week epics came rolling out of Hollywood. Republic did the best ones, with Universal and Columbia tied for second place. My neighborhood movie house had different bills running on Saturday and Sunday, meaning you could catch installments

of two different serials on any given weekend. By this time, apparently, the serial as an art form was not too highly thought of, being considered fare only for lowbrows and kids. You never saw a chapter at night, when the majority of the audience was grownups, and you never saw one, day or night, at a classy downtown theater. Even so, while growing up I was able to savor, in addition to such masterpieces as *Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe* and *The Purple Monster Strikes*, classic cliffhangers like *The Lone Ranger Rides Again*, *Dick Tracy's G-Men*, *Drums of Fu Manchu*, *Perils of Nyoka*, *The Masked Marvel*, *Deadwood Dick*, *Captain Midnight*, *The Green Hornet Strikes Again*, *The Phantom*, and sundry others.

Most of the serials, especially those turned out by Republic, were perfectly in tune with the attention span of the restless preadolescent audience. While there were a few patches of dialogue and exposition, most of the time was taken up with action. There were chases, races against time, as well as considerable running and leaping. And there were fights. The heroes and the bad guys could get into a riproaring fistfight at the slightest provocation and in almost any location, from the great outdoors to a sedate business office. Everybody entered into the fight, too. Burly hoods, bewiskered old coots, masked heroes, and cloaked masterminds all slugged it out, bashed each other over the head with all the available furniture, turned somersaults, booted each other in the midsection, swung from chandeliers.

It was comforting to know, sitting there in the afternoon darkness, that there were adults somewhere in the world who were as fidgety and hyperactive as we were.

My suspension of disbelief was at its highest when watching such fare. Part of me knew it was all make-believe, yet I still worried about the predicament I'd left the hero or heroine in at the end of the chapter. Would Captain America escape that fire, would Flash Gordon get out of that pit, and was Captain Marvel powerful enough to overcome being fed to a buzzsaw? I had the impression the serial heroes stayed in some sort of limbo between chapters, hovering on the brink of disaster for the full week that must pass before I was back in the movie house for the next segment. As I recall, we usually discussed how Dick Tracy or Spy Smasher was going to get out of the pickle we'd left him in as we strolled home at show's end rather than commenting on how he'd gotten out of his earlier predicament. Often he did it by leaping out of the car before it went crashing into the rocky ravine or by untying himself instantly before the giant drill press got at him. That extra bit of footage always got added to the start of the latest twenty minute installment, and I suppose the more naive among us wondered why they hadn't noticed it last week.

One of my favorite serials was *The Adventures of Captain Marvel*, which may be partially due to the fact I was brainwashed by Fawcett Publications, Inc., at the tender age of eight. Early in 1941, in the pages

of *Whiz Comics* and other of their publications, Fawcett began touting the forthcoming Republic serial in full-page ads designed to throw me and my peers into a state of expectant anxiety. "GANGWAY! Here comes Captain Marvel in the movies!" proclaimed one such. "A thrilling and exciting serial based on Captain Marvel has been released by Republic Pictures. This is the same studio that gives you those grand Gene Autry pictures, so you can be sure of getting plenty of thrills and action." Subsequent ads promised that there were "twelve exciting chapters, and each is brimming over with action and adventure . . . packed with dynamite from beginning to end!" There were also coupons attached, to be filled out and rushed to *Whiz*. "Dear Editor: I am very anxious to see the Captain Marvel movie, but they are not being shown at my neighborhood theater."

Those damned coupons put me in a bind. As desirous as I was to ingest every single chapter, I just couldn't bring myself to cut up a comic book. A fastidious collector, I wanted my magazines to remain in what is now known in dealer circles as pristine mint condition. My anguish was partially alleviated when I learned that the serial would be playing in our area. Not in my native Berkeley, however, but in the wilds of nearby Oakland. The theater was a small tacky movie palace called the Broadway, which had an enlightened program policy but a somewhat rowdy clientele. I don't recall that the Broadway show ever showed an "A" feature in its entire lifespan. A typical bill would consist of a Western, a B-mystery, a cartoon, a Laurel and Hardy short, and a chapter of a serial. Since both my parents were dedicated junk-movie buffs, I was able to persuade them, with a minimum of cajoling and tantrum throwing, to serve as escorts and bodyguards each Sunday afternoon for a full dozen weeks.

The serial, which through the magic of videocassette I've been able to view again, now that my temples are flecked with silver, doesn't faithfully stick to the legend and lore of Captain Marvel as laid down in *Whiz Comics*. But it does retain the one essential ingredient that made the captain a more appealing character



"... something like a walking water heater crossed with a mailbox." Robots and helmeted good guys battle it out in *Mysterious Doctor Satan* (1940).

than the pioneering Superman: the magic word. As a kid, the notion that just hollering "*Shazam!*" was sufficient to turn a schmucky youth like Billy Batson into the world's mightiest mortal was an imposing one. I won't ask for a show of hands, but I bet there's hardly a comic-book-reading lad of my generation who didn't, at least once, while alone and unobserved, yell, "*Shazam!*" and hope for the best.

In chapter one of *The Adventures of Captain Marvel* the origin of the captain is reprised. In this version young Billy, played by the perennially juvenile Frank Coghlan, Jr., is in Siam with an expedition to the Valley of the Tombs. The particular tomb the expedition is violating contains a strange scorpion figurine equipped with lenses in its claws. When these are arranged in just the right way, the sun shining through them produces a ray that changes base metal into gold. While the others are poking around in the tomb and getting into trouble, Billy wanders off and encounters old Shazam, enacted by one Nigel de Brulier (I toss this bit of information in for trivia fans). Instead of hanging out in old subway tunnels, as he does in the comic books, this Shazam is the guardian of the tomb and the scorpion. He passes on the job of looking after the miraculous gadget to Billy, informing him that if he but speaks his name he'll be transformed into the mighty Captain Marvel. Watching the serial now, I always wonder why Billy doesn't inquire, "Captain Marvel? How'd a centuries-old Siamese tomb guardian come up with a name like that?" Billy, though, simply says,

"*Shazam!*" Thunder rolls, smoke fills the screen, and there's Captain Marvel in the person of Tom Tyler. Tyler was never an actor with a wide range, and they wisely keep him to a minimum of lines in the serial.

The villain of the piece is the Scorpion. Not that gadget, but a fellow in a black robe and hood. He's a member of the expedition (though we don't know which one until the final chapter) determined to gain control of the figurine and its lenses. You have to admire the guy's patience in sewing up that costume, packing it along to the Siamese wilderness with him, and getting into it every damn time he wants to skulk around and do some mischief.

The story unfolds in Siam and America (both locales looking very much like Southern California) and involves the Scorpion's efforts to retrieve the lenses, which have been handed out to the various members of the expedition. Captain Marvel and Billy have to thwart him.

When I first saw *The Adventures of Captain Marvel*, back there in long-ago 1941, one of the things that impressed me was the flying sequences. Each chapter, for example, opens—accompanied by a tingly harp glissando—with a shot of the captain sailing impressively through the air. Even now, though I've read about the various trickeries involved, I still get a kick out of watching him whiz up to the top of a tall building or go chasing a runaway truck along one of the back roads of Los Angeles. The serial was directed by the team of William Witney and John English; much of Captain Marvel's stunt work was undertaken by Dave Sharpe.

Another Republic serial provided



"A career in serials and B-movies." Marguerite Chapman hugs Kane Richmond in *Spy Smasher* (1942), in which the villain was a sporadically masked Nazi.

me with one of my earliest encounters with robots. *Mysterious Doctor Satan* was released at about the same time as the Captain Marvel opus and featured shifty-eyed movie veteran Eduardo Cianelli in the title role (with his first name Americanized to Edward in the credits). It is the doc's intention to create an army of remote-controlled robots with which to rob banks and do other electronic bad deeds. The prototype, who unsettled me at the time, is a man-size chap who looks something like a walking water heater crossed with a mailbox. He's speckled with bolts and as mean as they come, using his clawlike mitts to molest young ladies and strangle the enemies of Dr. S. He's opposed by a daring hero who combats evil wearing a business suit and a chain-mail hood and who calls himself the Copperhead. It wasn't until I read Jack Mathis's monumental history of Republic serials, *Valley of the Cliffhangers*, a few years ago that I learned this series originally, until negotiations broke down, was going to star Superman.

Although technically not a superhero, *Spy Smasher* did wear a costume and cape while combating the fifth columnists and saboteurs who plagued our nation in the early forties. Republic brought him to the screen, also from the pages of *Whiz*, in 1942. Witney, working alone this time around, handled the directing chores and five writers turned out the script. Dave Sharpe, among other stuntmen, doubled much of the running, brawling, jumping, and motorcycle riding. *Spy Smasher* was played by Kane Richmond, a capable and likable actor who somehow spent most of his career in serials and B-movies (in the middle 1940s he was the Shadow in three low-budget films). Richmond, in fact, played not



"Nobody told him he had to suck in his potbelly." Dick Purcell starred as *Captain America* (1944), a tough-guy hero without superpowers.

only *Spy Smasher* but his twin brother. The brother's name in the serial, perhaps unintentionally, was Jack Armstrong. The serial pits *Spy Smasher* against a Nazi villain called the Mask, who hangs out in a submarine and conveys his sinister orders to his henchmen via television. The Mask, also brought over from the comic book version, was portrayed by Hans Schumm, who specialized in Germanic heavies throughout the World War II years. The most interesting thing about this villain is the fact that he keeps forgetting to put on the white, face-length mask that gives him his name, and often appears to his underlings barefaced. This plot, which may well have inspired the real-life Nazis to launch their Operation Bernhard counterfeiting scheme against the British, involves a plan to flood the United States with counterfeit currency and thus disrupt the economy (the Nazis little suspected back then that we were perfectly capable of disrupting our own economy without any outside help). Marguerite Chapman provides what romantic interest there is, and the serial, another of those that is currently available on videocassette, is full of action and intrigue. There are also many glimpses of the Southern California countryside as it was forty and more years ago and enough fights to satisfy the most aggressive of viewers.

Not all comic-book crimefighters made graceful transitions to the serial screen. In two tries, both for

Columbia (in 1943 and again in 1949), Batman came out looking foolish rather than formidable. When *Captain America* showed up in a 1944 Republic serial, he'd lost whatever superpowers he'd had, as well as his boy companion Bucky. And instead of being an army private when he wasn't fighting evil, he was an urban district attorney with vigilante tendencies. Dick Purcell, a B-movie tough-guy hero of limited charm, played the star-spangled avenger and apparently nobody told him he had to suck in his potbelly when he donned the *Captain America* uniform. Even the presence of expert villain Lionel Atwill as the infamous Scarab couldn't help this one.

Another of my favorites, although it doesn't involve fantasy or science fiction, was *Daredevils of the Red Circle*. Released in 1939 by Republic and directed by Witney and English, it offered not one but three heroes. They are circus acrobats (the red circles on the chests of their costumes give them their title) who turn detectives to avenge the death of the young boy who helps in their act. Charles Quigley, Herman Brix (who'd already been Kioga of the *Wilderness* and *Tarzan* in serials and would be, under the new name of Bruce Bennett, a Warner Brothers leading man in the 1940s), and stuntman Dave Sharpe were the daredevil trio. Charles Middleton, who was Ming in all three of the *Flash Gordon* serials, was the crazed ex-convict who'd vowed to destroy everything owned by the millionaire who'd sent him to prison. The ill-fated Carole Landis had the female lead. The serial is a compendium of "chapter-play" tricks. There are carnival fires, collapsing tunnels, explosions, chases with cars, motorboats, motorcycles, and what have you. There's a mystery villain, a mystery benefactor, and even a smart dog.

Once again I've reached the end of my space. There are dozens of serials left to talk about, as well as my 1980 novel *Skyrocket Steele* (the only science fiction book ever to deal with the making of a 1941 science fiction serial). Perhaps, if I can get free of these ropes before the time bomb planted in my typewriter goes off, I can cover these topics in a later chapter. 17

The Children's Hour Quiz

by A.R. Morlan



This quiz uses quotes from well-known works of fiction about children—or, in some cases, about “children.” The little darlings themselves range in age from three to fifteen. Some are good, some bad, and some just plain “different.”

Scoring: Give yourself a point of each correct title and another for each correct author. A score of ten is respectable, twenty is good, and thirty is excellent. If you get more than thirty, you’ve probably been peeking at the answers! (They’re on page 40.)

1. “Bad man,” Anthony said, and thought Dan Hollis into something like nothing anyone would have believed possible, and then he thought the thing into a grave deep, deep in the cornfield.

2. “. . . He’s illustrated. Special, see! Covered with monsters! A menagerie!” Jim’s eyes jumped. “SEE! THE SKELETON! Ain’t that fine, Will? Not Thin Man, no, but SKELETON! SEE! THE DUST WITCH! What’s a Dust Witch, Will?”

3. “Every day. On the radio. On my radio. Every day at five-thirty.”

4. “And the Lord did say: Have I not given you a place of killing, that you might make sacrifice there? And have I not shewn you favor? But this man has made a blasphemy within me, and I have completed this sacrifice myself. Like the Blue Man and the false minister who escaped many years ago.”

5. “He kept yelling. ‘I’m dead, I’m dead, I’m glad I’m dead, I’m dead, I’m dead, I’m glad I’m dead, I’m dead, I’m dead, it’s good to be dead.’”

6. “Malabari! It’s Malabari! Bassett, Bassett, I know! It’s Malabari!” So the child cried, trying to get up and urge the rocking horse that gave him his inspiration.

7. I loved my mother very much. After her funeral, after the coffin was lowered, the family went home and waited for her return. . . . “Think of her as home from the hospital,” said Father. . . . Mother was not home from the hospital. She was home from the grave.

8. “Please, Bolie . . . please, Bolie,” Henry Temple whispered into the television screen. “Please, Bolie, Bolie, Bolie . . . I wish you wouldn’t be hurt . . . I wish, Bolie, I wish.” The tiny voice was an obligato to the crowd roar that came from the set. It was a tiny, frail oboe set against the enormous brass section of human voices that cried out for murder and bloodshed.

9. In the shed that evening, there was an innovation in the worship of the hutch-god. Conrad had been wont to chant his praises, tonight he pronounced a benediction.

“Do one thing for me, *Sredni Vashtar*.”

10. Regan lay taut on her back, face stained with tears and contorted with terror as she gripped at the sides of her narrow bed. “Mother, why is it shaking?” she cried. “Make it stop! Oh, I’m scared! Make it stop! Mother, please make it stop!” The mattress of the bed was quivering violently back and forth.

11. An entry dated November 26, 1916, proved startling and disquieting. It was written, he remembered, by a child of three and a half who looked like a lad of twelve or thirteen.

Today learned the Aklo for the Sabaoth [it ran], which did not like, it being answerable from the hill and not from the air. That upstairs more ahead of me than I had thought it would be, and is not like to have much earth brain. Shot Elam Hutchins’s colle Jack when he went to bite me, and Elam says he would kill me if he da. I guess he won’t. Grandfather kept me saying the Dho formula last night . . .

12. “I was thirteen, nearly fourteen, when I had a very singular adventure, so strange that the day on which it happened is always called the White Day. My mother had been dead for more than a year, and in the morning I had lessons, but they let me go out for walks in the afternoon. And this afternoon I walked a new way, and a little brook led me into a new country.”

13. “Oh, I’ve got the prettiest mother! I’ve got the nicest mother! That’s what I tell everybody. I say, ‘I’ve got the sweetest—I!’”

14. “He said he’d come like a lion, with wings on, and eat them up.”

15. (!!!!OH DICK OH PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE COME!!!!)

16. I could feel myself getting all razdras inside, but I tried to cover it, saying calm: “There has to be a leader. Discipline there has to be. Right?” None of them skazzated a word or nodded even. I got more razdras inside, calmer out. “I,” I said, “have been in charge long now. We are all droogs, but somebody has to be in charge. Right? Right?”

17. “I’m trying to think. Supposing we go, looking like we used to, washed and hair brushed—after all, we aren’t savages really, and being rescued isn’t a game.”

18. “Little changeling child.” His tapping of the jar agitated the liquid and the baby bobbed to and fro, rising and falling; rising again, head back, pale puckered lips breaking the surface as though gasping for breath. “Little baby,” he taunted bitterly, “pretty little baby.” . . . “That’s what Torrie’s is going to look like, just like that. Won’t that be nice?”

19. “For example, I have a swimming lesson in about five minutes. I could go downstairs to the pool, and there might not be any water in it. This might be the day they change the water or something. What might happen, though, I might walk to the edge of it, just to have a look at the bottom, for instance, and my sister might come up and sort of push me in. I could fracture my skull and die instantaneously.”

20. “It’s true,” Mengelze said. “All his power is in you, or will be when the time comes. Now do as I tell you. Let me protect you. You have a destiny to fulfill. The highest destiny of all.”

The boy looked down, rubbing at his forehead. He looked up at Mengelze. “Mustard,” he said.

The Dobermans leaped. . . . 17



Etc.



HOW CLOSE DID THOSE ALIENS COME, MR. MCCARTHY?

Kevin McCarthy, best known as the holdout against the pod people in *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, and most recently seen as "Uncle Walt" in Joe Dante's segment of *Twilight Zone—The Movie*, was among the celebrities on hand for the film's world premiere in Rod Serling's hometown of Binghamton, NY, on June 11, a full two weeks before the rest of the world got a look at it. Binghamton Mayor Juanita Crabb joined in the festivities to honor the town's most famous son.



ROD SERLING'S INSPIRATION

Binghamton may also have been the prototype of *Homewood*, the idyllic small town in Serling's nostalgic *Twilight Zone* story "Walking Distance." Reader Bill Kobylak of nearby Johnson City, who took these photographs, points out the similarity of the bandstand and merry-go-round in Binghamton's Recreation Park to those in the tv episode, and notes that the park is in fact "walking distance" from the house where Rod Serling grew up.



TYPING TILL THE LAST

In August's TZ, Robert M. Price listed some well-known horror tales in which, improbably, narrators continue scribbling in their diaries even as monsters come to drag them away ("The door is busting o-----"). Now reader Mark Rathbun of Chico, CA, has sent us two examples of what might be termed a variation on this demise, in which the narrators continue *typing* until their decomposing fingers can no longer strike the keys. The first comes from Ray Bradbury's "The Watchers":

Even as I write, the skin of my fingers loosens and changes colour and my face feels partially dry and flaking, partially wet, slippery and released from its anchorage of softening bone, my eyes water with a kind of leprosy and my skin darkens with something akin to bubonic, my stomach gripes me with sickening gastric wrenches, my tongue tastes bitter and acid, my teeth loosen in my mouth, my ears ring, and in a few minutes the structure of my fingers, the muscles, the small thin fine bones will be enmeshed, entangled, so much fallen gelatin spread over and down between the black lettered keys of this typewriter, the flesh of me will slide like a decayed, diseased cloak from my skeleton, but I must write on and on and on until etafin shrlucmfwp cmfwyp ... cmfwaaaaa dddddd ddd dddddd. ...

The second forms the ending of Robert Bloch's "The Eyes of the Mummy":

Fingers—sa hard to strike keys. Don't work properly. Air getting them. Brittle. Blind fumble. Slawer. Must warn. Hard to pull carriage back.

Can't strike higher case letters anymore, can't capitalize fingers going fast, crumbling away in air. in mummy now no air, crumbling to bits, dust fingers going must warn against thing magic sebek fingers grape stumps almost gone hard to strike.

damned sebek sebek sebek mind all dust sebek sebek sebek sebek se s sssssst s s s. ...



FREE TZ!

At the premiere of *Twilight Zone—The Movie* here in the Big Apple, a bevy of dedicated staffers donned TZ t-shirts, caps, and buttons and handed out free copies of our July/August issue to the first two thousand patrons of the Sutton theater. Above, Karen Martorano of the circulation department and advertising production manager Marina Despotakis spread the word. Free issues of TZ were also made available by the Walter Reade Organization at two of its Manhattan theaters, and at Cinema City 5 in Queens. (Incidentally, friends, we're sorry, but none of the above—neither buttons, caps, t-shirts, nor staffers—are for sale.)

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AND HE NEVER WAS HIS HANDS...



READERS' POLL

Richard Knox of Merrick, NY, has sent us what we think is an excellent suggestion:

"As an avid reader of your publication and a faithful fan of *The Twilight Zone*, I would be greatly interested in having a poll conducted among your readers as to their favorite episodes of this tv classic. A possible format for such a project might be to have each respondent list in order of preference his or her five most enjoyable shows of the 156 written for the series."

Sounds good to us; we're as curious as Mr. Knox is. Send your list of five titles to:

Readers' Poll
Twilight Zone Magazine
800 Second Avenue
New York, NY 10017

We'll print the results in our March/April '84 Third Anniversary Issue.

ETC.



Peter Kuper

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

Some time ago *The Reader*, a San Diego weekly, sent its roving photographer off to ask the following question of the man on the street: "What tv rerun would you like to see again?" Among the replies—I Love Lucy, Barney Miller, *Leave It to Beaver*, and the like—was this one from a hip-looking young salesgirl:

"The old *Twilight Zones*. They were scary even though they were in black and white. There was one episode I'll never forget. There's a rich little girl living in a big old house. She's spoiled and gets everything she wants. Her parents buy her a life-size doll that she abuses. One night the doll comes to life and calls the little girl out to the back yard and starts to whip her. You don't forget creepy stories like that. Another one was about a crazy scientist who creates a species of wild lizard people who use boomerangs with serrated edges. Then he puts two humans out into the swamp with them to see what will happen. The girl is always falling and twisting her leg. It's frightening, but I think they finally hack and slash their way out."

Comments reader Jeff Ristine, who sent us the clipping: "The latest craze in Southern California is remembering *Twilight Zone* episodes that never existed."

TWILIGHT ZONE—THE MARATHON

In the beginning, there was *Twilight Zone—The Television Series*, which begat, of course, *Twilight Zone—The Magazine* and, later, *Twilight Zone—The Movie*. The latest addition to this extended family we dub *Twilight Zone—The Marathon*: an uninterrupted block of TZ television

episodes. Los Angeles's KTLA aired, to our knowledge, the first TZ such marathon on Thanksgiving Day, 1980—eight hours' worth of imagination—and it's since become an annual turkey day tradition there. These venerable folks also hold the record for the longest TZ marathon: thirteen

straight hours last Fourth of July—eclipsing the twelve-hour record set by Waterbury, Connecticut's WTXN just two days earlier. Meanwhile, WPIX here in New York broadcast a special show devoted to the old episodes that the movie was based on; it was hosted by our own Carol Serling.

UNDER WRAPS

No, it's not E.T.'s ugly brother, it's the star of David Lynch's 1977 cult classic *Eraserhead*—a diminutive but noisy creature reportedly modeled on a goat fetus. Lynch went on to direct 1980's *The Elephant Man*, about another lovable but exasperating monster, and at the time this is being written he's completing filming on *Dune*, Dino DeLaurentiis's production of the 1965 Frank Herbert bestseller. Tentatively scheduled for release next June, the film stars Max von Sydow as Dr. Kynes; Jose Ferrer as The Emperor; Kenneth Macmillan (*Eyewitness*, *Ragtime*) as Baron Harkonnen, who takes showers in machine oil and likes to suck on chicken skins; Francesca Annis (the naked Lady Macbeth in Polanski's *Macbeth*) as the Lady Jessica; Everett McGill (the lead in *Quest for Fire*) as Stilgar, one of the leaders of the Fremen; Sting (of the Police) as Feyd; Sian Phillips (the scheming Livia in tv's *I, Claudius*) as a Reverend Mother; Patrick Stewart (also from *Claudius*) as Gurney Halleck; Linda Hunt (*The Year of Living Dangerously*) as The Shadout Mapef; Sean Young (*Blade Runner*) as Chani; Jack Nance (the human star of *Eraserhead*) as Nefud; and, in the central role of Paul Maud Dib, a lanky young man named Kyle MacLachlan, who comes from Seattle, not far from Frank Herbert's Port Townsend.

Though the special effects sequences are to be completed in Los Angeles, most of *Dune* has been shot in Mexico, mainly to save on production costs. (It's the most expensive film ever made there.) We recently had the chance to watch some of the filming and tour a few of the elaborate sets—more than sixty in all—at the huge old Estudios Churubusco on the outskirts of Mexico City, where workers using hand tools (there were no power tools in evidence) rubbed shoulders with extras in



suffocating-looking rubber "still-suits" designed to preserve all bodily moisture on the desert planet where most of the story takes place. Annis and Phillips walked around with heads bizarrely shaven (it was in fact just makeup), while Macmillan, Sting, and Nance all sported the bright red hair that distinguishes one of the main families in the film, the Harkonnen clan.

Why, then, with all this going on, are we bringing you a still from *Eraserhead*? Because *Dune*'s production is, for now, still shrouded in secrecy; we weren't allowed to bring a camera or tape recorder to the set, and were even discouraged from taking notes. As photos and further production information become available, we'll be bringing them to you in future issues of TZ. [E]

A classic vignette by Fredric Brown

Imagine

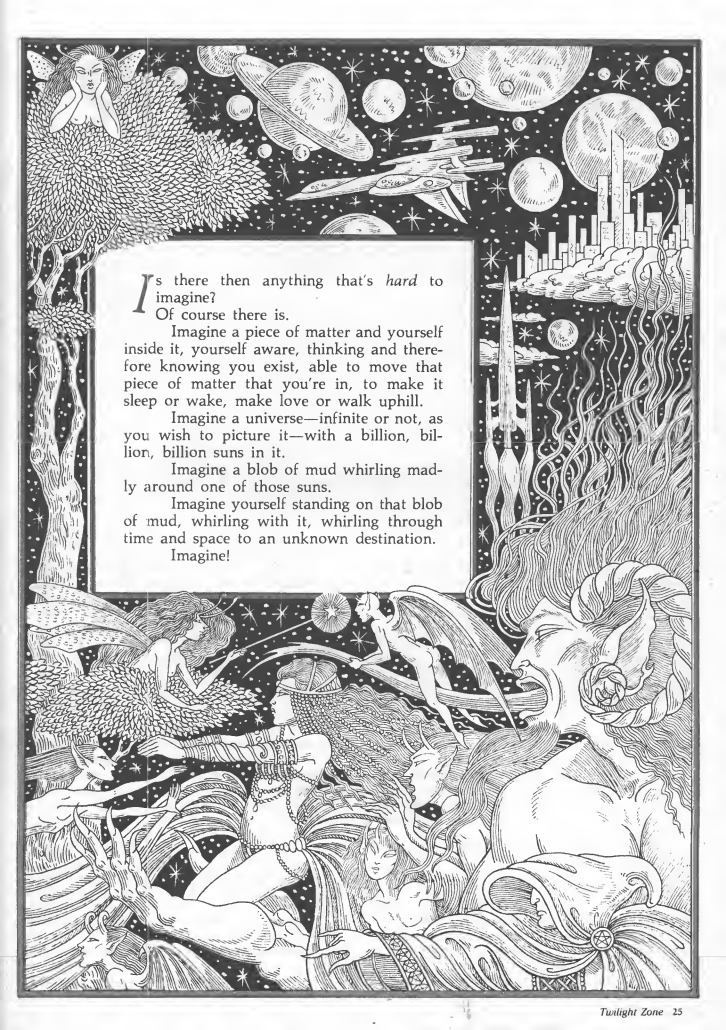
Imagine ghosts, gods and devils.
Imagine hells and heavens, cities floating
in the sky and cities sunken in the sea.
Unicorns and centaurs. Witches, war-
locks, jinns and banshees.

Angels and harpies. Charms and incantations. Elementals, familiars, demons.

Easy to imagine, all of those things;
mankind has been imagining them for thousands of years.

Imagine spaceships and the future.

Easy to imagine; the future is really coming and there'll be spaceships in it.



Is there then anything that's *hard* to imagine?

Of course there is.

Imagine a piece of matter and yourself inside it, yourself aware, thinking and therefore knowing you exist, able to move that piece of matter that you're in, to make it sleep or wake, make love or walk uphill.

Imagine a universe—infinite or not, as you wish to picture it—with a billion, billion, billion suns in it.

Imagine a blob of mud whirling madly around one of those suns.

Imagine yourself standing on that blob of mud, whirling with it, whirling through time and space to an unknown destination.

Imagine!

URSA MINOR

by JOHN SLADEK

FORGET GOLDBLOCKS, FAULKNER, AND WINNIE-THE-POOH
—AND GET SET FOR THE ULTIMATE BEAR STORY!

This story begins in complete darkness. First there is the darkness of a London street during a temporary power failure, one rainy night in December. Next there is the wet, patent-leather color of a taxi gliding through the darkness, and next there is the deeper gloom of its interior, where a man, Richard Matlock, sits clutching a teddy bear. He knows nothing of the night or the taxi or the object in his hands. It is his mind that is the complete darkness.

All that Matlock would be able to recall of this evening would be the office party: feeling sick, opening a door to see two figures grappling on top of a drawing table . . .

"Sorry, sorry." He closed the door again and leaned on the handle for support. There was no way of shutting out the bright glare, the hard, chaotic music, the writhing mob of people wearing silly hats and silly grins. All it meant to them, booze and silly hats. He hadn't even bought Jimmy's present; they couldn't even understand that.

"Would you?" He spoke to the nearest hat, a policeman's helmet, size one. "You bloody wouldn't understand."

"I bloody would," said the hat's owner, an accountant named Ferris. "Happy Christmas!"

"That's the point, see? Christmas is the whole point."

"Right. You couldn't be more right." Ferris hoisted a plastic cup. "Drink to that, all right."

"Right. Man wants to buy a bloody present for his son—his only begotten son—and what happens? Whole world wants to stop him."

"Stop who?"

"Me. You want to stop me, right?"

Ferris stopped grinning. "Hold on now. You say I want to stop you buying a present for Jesus?"

"No, for Jimmy. Jimmy's the name, childhood's the game. You couldn't care less if he got nothing for Christmas, could you?"

"Matlock, what the hell are you on about? If you want to buy your kid a present—if you want to buy him three presents—far be it from me—I mean, just go and do it."

"Can't. Too late, shops are shut." Tears welled up in Matlock's eyes. He let go of his drink and took a swing at Ferris, only Ferris was gone; even as his fist cracked the wall he glimpsed the police helmet across the room, bobbing with the music.

"Matlock, isn't it?" Someone took his arm.

"Tell you what, let's step outside for a breath of air. You'll feel better."

Matlock pulled away and lurched out the door alone. Somehow he got down the stairs and out into the cold night air. Inside the car coat he was drenched with sweat, his clothes sticking to him. He waved down a taxi.

"Yes? Where to, mate?"

Jimmy's present. Matlock's watch said 9:01 as he climbed into the taxi. He seemed to be climbing into a dark tunnel, at the other end of which might be what he was looking for.

At the end of the tunnel was Christmas morning. He came awake dreaming, imagining that someone was trying to force his head into a size-one police helmet; as he opened his eyes, the torture became a headache. Joan stood over him, holding out a glass of something fizzy.

"Here, take your medicine like a spoilt child."

He sat up and groaned. "I guess I've really done it this time."

"Happy Christmas anyway." She watched him drink the stuff. "I'll admit I was put out, having to pay the taxi driver all that money, just to deliver a mess like you."

"That bad, was it?"

"Not really. All the same, I'm glad you only have office parties once a year. And at least you did remember Jimmy's present."

"Oh—that. Um, and did he like it?"

"He's smitten with it. Carries it about everywhere. Even wanted to share his cereal with it."

Matlock was mystified. For a moment he wondered if drunken sentimentality hadn't led him to buy a puppy: Say, a furry little ball that would quickly grow into a great, hungry, bad-tempered Alsatian.

Joan said, "So it's a success, even if it is a bit motheaten."

"Motheaten, eh?"

"Still, it's a nice traditional brown, nothing like the electric pink and blue things they make nowadays. I suppose it's almost an antique. The original Pooh or something. There was a rusty old name tag on the collar. *Daniel, seven*, it said. I took it off and put it away, figuring that if Jimmy ever grows out of teddy bears, we could put the tag back on it and sell it. The beaded collar's nice. Too bad about the frayed ear."

"Ah." He found he could remember nothing of



Illustrations by Stephen W. Andrus

the presumed teddy bear, not even the frayed ear. He was about to say so when there were two sounds: a door slammed, and Jimmy screamed.

They rushed down to the living room to find him dancing up and down, shaking his hand.

"Teddy did it, Daddy! Teddy did it!"

Matlock held him. The damage was slight, a tiny pinch mark. When Jimmy was calm enough he admitted that he'd caught his hand in the door. Somehow he felt Teddy was to blame.

"Don't be silly, now. Teddy's only a little teddy, now, isn't he? He couldn't slam a big door like that."

"No."

"Well, then maybe it was the wind—or maybe a big boy like Jimmy? It just couldn't be Teddy."

Jimmy giggled; a family joke was born: It was Teddy who didn't want to go up for an afternoon

nap, Teddy who hated carrots, Teddy who left the water running in the washbasin after Jimmy had brushed his teeth.

That night Matlock tucked Jimmy and his new pal into bed and told them the story of Goldilocks. It had been Jimmy's favorite story, so now of course Teddy liked it too.

"Somebody's been sleeping in my bed," Matlock intoned in the voice of Papa Bear.

Jimmy chuckled. "Teddy's sleeping in my bed, isn't he, Daddy?"

"That's right. You've both had a long day, and you must be sleepy. So—"

"We saw bears on telly, didn't we? They're big, Daddy."

"Oh yes, the circus."

"Yeah, they were on roller skates. And the man was hitting them with a stick. And they went

round and round and round, and he hit them and he—

"It was all in fun," said Matlock. "Really they like the man, because he gives them their dinners."

Finally Jimmy dozed, and Matlock bent to kiss him. As he did so he thought he saw something out of the corner of his eye, a movement. Had the bear turned its head?

Of course it hadn't; it lay as before, with its blunt snout and red glass eyes pointing to the ceiling. But now, for the first time, really, Matlock had a chance to examine it more closely.

It looked different, unlike any teddy bear he'd ever seen. Maybe the snout wasn't quite as blunt as it should be, or the eyes set just a fraction close together—but for some reason it had a slightly feral expression. Not "the original Pooh" at all, but more like a model of some real animal. Even the frayed ear looked like the evidence of some old fight.

No, no, it was a stuffed doll and nothing else, and he stared at it until all the strangeness drained away.

"You were a long time," said Joan, downstairs. "Wouldn't he settle down?"

"No, and neither would my nerves. Don't say it, I know—hangover."

She nodded toward two glasses on the coffee table. "I've already poured you a little hair of the—Teddy."

"Now don't you start. I have an awful feeling we're going to hear of nothing but Teddy for weeks on end."

And so they did. Jimmy carried the little animal everywhere; held it on his lap on his little rocking chair while watching television; held every bit of food up to its black felt nose before eating it himself; sat whispering secrets into its frayed ear; insisted that everyone kiss Teddy goodnight.

Naturally Teddy was blamed for all incidents that might otherwise be blamed on Jimmy. Teddy tracked mud through the living room, lost one of Jimmy's Wellingtons in the garden, left the phone off the hook, scribbled with crayon on the expensive wallpaper in the hall. One afternoon Teddy managed to climb on a kitchen stool and pull a canister of sugar off a high shelf, spilling it all over the floor (and over Jimmy's hair).

Though they ignored most of this, the Matlocks couldn't help picking up Jimmy's family joke: When Joan mislaid a ring, "Teddy must have taken it." It was Teddy who jogged her elbow the time she dropped and broke the steam iron. It was Teddy who stole the key to the basement (where Matlock spent spare hours refinishing old furniture), and when Matlock forgot to pay a bill or found a light bulb burnt out, the little bear was somehow always at the bottom of it. Hardly a day went by without Joan's wondering "Where's Teddy put my change purse this

time?" or Matlock's muttering that the market looked teddy-bearish . . .

One night, long after the joke had worn into a habit, Joan and Richard awoke to the smell of smoke.

"You've left something going in an ashtray," she suggested.

"I hope it's only that." He put on the light and searched the room. "Nothing in here, anyway. You take the upstairs, I'll take the down."

The smell lingered long enough for both of them to become fully awake and slightly panicked, and then abated. When they finally gave up the search and came to bed, Joan sighed. "Must have drifted in from outside somewhere."

"Or Teddy's taken to cigars."

"Richard, that's not even funny. Do you realize what time it is? Three o'clock."

And at three the next night they were awakened by the smell of burning. Again they searched the house, and again found no source. Matlock started to say something about Teddy, but stopped himself.

For two more nights nothing happened. Then:

"Richard, wake up!"

"What? Oh God, not again." But the smell of smoke was there, stronger than ever.

"You go this time," she said. "I've had enough."

For a moment he toyed with the idea of simply falling back in bed and forgetting it. Then he put on his slippers and opened the bedroom door. The smell was strong, and when he put on the hall light, he could see the haze.

It took only a minute to follow it to the kitchen, where he found the light on and blue smoke boiling out of something on the cooker. A saucepan, enveloped in orange flames.

"Christ!" Matlock rushed forward, switched off the gas and threw water on the mess. When he'd quenched the flames and cooled the pan enough to handle it, he carried it up to Joan.

"Pretty damn careless, wouldn't you say? Another half hour, and we'd all be burnt like this. What is it, anyway?"

"I didn't leave anything cooking," she said. "I'm not exactly feeble-minded, you know." She scratched experimentally at the burnt muck in the pan. "My God—it's dry porridge oats."

Later they questioned Jimmy about it, but he seemed genuinely unaware of the incident. Matlock could find no explanation but sleepwalking, and even that sounded a bit too fantastic. Finally they could only put it down to Teddy.

The following night Matlock heard a loud clatter downstairs. He rushed down to find the kitchen light on, as before. A saucepan lid lay in the middle of the floor, but there was no other sign of disturbance. After checking the doors and windows (locked) and looking in on Jimmy (asleep, so far as he could tell by the dim glow of the nightlight), Matlock went



back to bed.

But not to sleep, for a long while. It was an odd problem: Jimmy couldn't possibly have gone down there, clattered the lid, and sneaked up again without being seen. All right, then, the lid was dropped earlier, and what had awakened Matlock was only the memory of the noise. *If a tree falls in the forest, and there's no one to hear it, does it make a sound?* But the bears hear it. . . . Bears, that could be the answer . . . wean Jimmy from the toy, get him interested in real bears . . . reality, that was the answer . . .

"Jimmy, I know you like to pretend," he said at breakfast.

The boy stopped feeding Teddy for a moment and looked at him.

"I mean, the story of Goldilocks—"

"And the three bears, Daddy."

"Do you like that story?"

"Yeah."

"But it's only pretend, isn't it? Only a story."

"Daddy—"

"And you like to pretend that Teddy's a real, live bear. Only you and I know that it's just pretend, don't we? We know that Teddy's only a little toy—"

"Excuse me, Daddy. I have to take Teddy to the toilet now."

That evening Matlock decided to show Jimmy the "real bear" in the basement. Among the accumulated junk furniture awaiting his attempts at restoration were other items picked up at jumble sales and auctions: a nested set of trunks, a parrot cage, a dusty mirror or two, and a bearskin rug. After beating the dust from the rug, he draped it over his workbench, then brought Jimmy (and Teddy) down to see it.

Jimmy said nothing for a moment, but stared at the arching red mouth, the white teeth, the clear eyes.

"That, Jimmy, is what a real bear looks like. What do you think of him?"

"Got lots of teeth," said Jimmy quietly. "Does

he bite people?"

"Not anymore, because he's dead." The word somehow gagged Matlock; he had to swallow and breathe deeply before he could go on. "He's just an old bearskin rug, now."

"Did you kill him, Daddy? I heard you hitting him with a stick."

The conversation wasn't going exactly as Matlock had planned. He felt slightly sick, perhaps from inhaling the dust of the old rug. "Never mind that now. I want you to look at this real bear and then look at Teddy. See the difference? Of course you do. This is a real bear, and Teddy is only pretend."

He seized Jimmy's hand and started to pull him toward the stairs. Jimmy resisted for a second, held, and looked back. "He's not so real. If he's so real, why don't he eat everybody up?"

"Come on, will you? Rugs don't eat people, that's why."

As they started up the stairs, Jimmy said, "Well, Teddy's not a rug."

Matlock couldn't sleep. The night-time "incidents" had apparently stopped, but something deeper was still bothering him. At least he assumed it was deeper, since he hadn't the slightest idea what it was.

He went down to the basement, meaning to finish staining a walnut end table. In some way the place felt alien tonight: unearthly quiet, filled with jagged shadows. He shifted the little table about a couple of times, just to hear its legs scrape the concrete floor, and he started humming as he ran his hands over the smooth wood grain. The oppressive stillness seemed to soak up every sound and remain unchanged; he could no more lift the silence than that workbench over there could throw off that heavy, motheaten bear's skin.

What was he looking for? Fine sandpaper, that was it. Yes, to remove that little scratch on the surface. Look at those bear claws, think what they could do to a fine piece of furniture like this.

He wondered why he hadn't packed up the bearskin and put it in one of the trunks. To do it now of course would be pure cowardice, and he was not afraid. But then why was he moving so as not to turn his back on it? Not at all, he was just trying to catch the right light, to see the grain of the wood. Deep in the wood where . . .

But *that* was the tune he was humming, something about going down in the wood today to be surprised by teddy bears. Bears eating a picnic, was it? A childish tune, sounding just like that other dirge, about the worms crawling in, the worms crawl out . . . and by now he wasn't working at all, just standing there with a sanding block in his hand, staring at the creature.

Its glass eyes stared back. Nothing but dead

glass, those, and no doubt the teeth were ivory or plastic. Jimmy was right about that, this bear wasn't "real." The real thing of gristle and bone and power and appetite was gone, probably down the gullets of a few hunters in Canada or wherever. Judging by the age of it, the hunters, too, would be dead and gone; look at the way the moths had been savaging this, making a last meal off the same old bear; look at the condition of that ear, it looked almost ... frayed.

Only a coincidence, he kept telling himself as he climbed the stairs and slipped into Jimmy's room. Even if it is the same ear, the left or the right, what would that prove? He paused to get his eyes adjusted to the gloom and heard his own heart (... *teddah ... teddah ...*).

Jimmy's face lay in shadow, turned from the light. But Teddy's snout and ears were picked out clearly; his red glass eyes were staring at Matlock. No, they were staring *past* Matlock, at something else, something large, dark, and formless that stood behind him in the shadows. If he looked, it would be gone, a trick of the imagination. But if he did not look, it would, he knew, come closer.

Matlock reached out, plucked the teddy bear from Jimmy's pillow, and whirled about. There was no great formless being behind him, nothing.

Professor Godber's office at University College was little more than a small cubicle, sparsely furnished with a desk, two chairs, a grey filing cabinet. Nothing distinguished it from any other room of business—say, from a police interrogation room—except the curious mask hanging on the wall.

Nor did Professor Godber himself look especially distinguished. No beard, no pince-nez, no mop of wild grey hair, no sober suit or flamboyant cravat. The Professor was young, neat, plain, and dressed in a track suit.

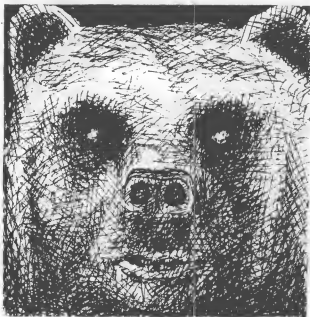
"You're lucky to catch me here, Mr. Matlock. Term doesn't start till tomorrow, and I should be out in the fresh air while I have the chance. Now what was this all about? Your phone call didn't make it too clear."

Matlock took Teddy from the shopping bag and laid him on the desk. "I don't know—maybe I should be seeing a psychiatrist. I can just imagine it: Telling him, 'It's not me that's crazy, doctor. It's this teddy bear.'" He laughed.

Godber waited until he'd stopped, and then said quietly, "I suppose you saw me on television, talking about magic?"

"Someone at the office did. They said you mentioned something about Red Indians and ghostly bears—"

"The Bear Dance of the Pawnee, that would be. A variant of the Ghost Dance. Do you know anything about the Ghost Dance, Mr. Matlock? No? Then let me explain: In the last century, as everyone



now knows, white materialism swept across America, and the spiritual culture of the red men was virtually wiped out.

"Now, red men had only spiritual weapons to fight back with—magic, or medicine. Against white men's material science and technology, this was virtually powerless. A major blow came in 1869, when the first transcontinental train went belching and steaming across America. The red prophet Wodziwob saw or heard of this train, and thought about it: what it meant for his people. Then he went up to a mountain where—as prophets have in all ages past—he was given a vision.

"He saw that soon a great catastrophe would strike the whole world. The white men would all be swallowed up, but their houses and their possessions would remain, to be used by the Indians. Finally a spiritual railroad train would steam into view, bearing all of the Indians' greatest ancestors, the ghosts. The most powerful ancestor of all (to some of the many tribes who took up this vision) was the Bear, father and mother and brother and sister of us all."

Professor Godber tapped the teddy bear's snout. "Not much to do with your little friend here, I'm afraid. Even if his collar does have Indian beads on it." He picked up the bear and turned it, examining the collar. "Hmm, that could be the Pawnee sign for—but then of course there are so many signs quite similar—no, nothing magical about it."

"There used to be a little tag on the collar," said Matlock. "With the former owner's name and age on it. Daniel, seven, it said."

The Professor stared, then smiled. "I see, you're sent here by one of my students to pull my leg, is that it? Okay, joke's over. You can go home."

"What? No, I—the tag? I have it at home. It was rusty, and it seemed silly to keep a tag with some other kid's name, so—"

"Wait here for a moment. Don't move!" Godber raced out of the room and was back in a minute with two large, dusty volumes. He slapped them on

his desk and started paging through one of them so rapidly that it seemed impossible that he should not tear one of the brittle sheets.

"But I don't understand."

"Shh. Ah, here it is: The shaman Wynoka claimed to know much of white man's medicine, that is, he knew how to read and write. He took the Bear Dance from the Pawnee to his own tribe, whom he always referred to in ritual language as the Bear People. It is said that he carried always a small image of a bear, given him by a white family who also believed in the Bear Dance. Around its neck he hung a metal disc, inscribed *Daniel, seven*. Wynoka called this totem Little Bear, and he often said, 'Little Bear is with us now, but when the white man departs from us, he will go with Great Bear.' Wynoka was executed by the Eleventh Cavalry at Fort Truscott, in 1893, but his 'Little Bear' disappeared during the trial, and was never seen again." Professor Godber closed the book and smiled at the object on his desk. "Until now. In England. Nearly a hundred years later. Incredible."

After a moment of silence Professor Godber opened a desk drawer and pulled forth a tape recorder and a jumble of wire. "Now, I want you to go over your whole story for me, Mr. Matlock. Very slowly, and in the greatest detail. I want it all."

Two hours later Matlock thought he had finished. Godber told him he'd probably remember more; later they'd go over it again.

"Okay, but I still don't see exactly how this fits. I mean, what about the burnt porridge?"

"Ah. Well, magic isn't always spelt out and underlined, but I think I see. You mention the story of Goldilocks and the Three Bears, for example. The little white girl goes among the savage beasts—to their home, in fact—and steals from them. She takes their food, their home, even the place where Baby Bear is supposed to lay his head. But isn't that almost an allegory of what white people did to the Bear People in America? They came, stole everything worth stealing in the way of food and land and goods, and—so far as we know—got away with it. Notice that the story of Goldilocks comes to an abrupt end: 'Someone's been sleeping in my bed. And here she is!' Naturally you'd expect the bears to take some revenge, but the story says nothing about it. Could it be we've been telling it wrong, all this time?"

"Then there's the curious story of Little Bear here, and Wynoka, the magician who kept him. Notice that Wynoka died in 1893. Within a year or so, nearly all the magicians and prophets who advocated the Ghost Dance had been executed, by the way. But also within a year or so, a white named Teddy Roosevelt returned from the Wild West with a lot of stories about how terrific it was to kill bears. At once people started making little stuffed images of bears, naming them after this white hunter, Teddy.

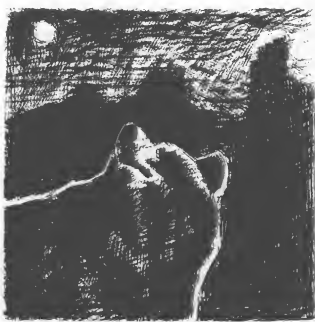
You see? As soon as Little Bear vanishes, copies of Little Bear crop up all over the damned white world! That, my friend, is very powerful medicine indeed."

"So you think this is really an Indian—"

"No, no, you're missing the point. Magic goes deeper than you or I or the Pawnee or anybody else thinks. Think how peculiar—how other-worldly—bears really are. How magical they've always been. The Celts probably worshiped them, and so did the Persians. Constellations were named after Little Bear and Great Bear long before American Indians played with the idea. They've always been known as Little Bear, a friendly, innocuous chap, and Great Bear, the darkest symbol of death and destruction. Just look at the other names for Ursa Major: the Plough, the Big Dipper (dipping up the waters of life and dashing them down again). And in the Middle Ages they called it the Wain, the hay wagon, and they used to portray it carrying all humanity to Judgment Day, over the motto: 'All flesh is grass.' Death and destruction."

"Yes, we civilized folk have plenty to answer for, chopping up the natural world, forgetting the old myths, trying to cut the bear down to a manageable size. Think of that: Our alter ego, powerful, intelligent, indestructible, the very symbol of strength and spirit. We've tried to turn it into Smokey the Bear, and Rupert, and Pooh, Br'er Bear, and Paddington and the victims of Goldilocks's little prank; cuddly toys for the kiddies; adverts for breakfast cereals flavored with honey—do you realize, if evolution had taken a slightly different turn, we'd be out there in the wood and the bears would be here eating porridge!"

"But now I think perhaps they're fighting back. Oh, maybe it's not them specifically, but I think some principle of magic is out to restore the terrible imbal-



URSA MINOR



ance of nature we've created. Think of the yeti, that great hairy 'abominable snowman' everyone sees all over the Himalayas, but no one can catch. He appears, scares the daylights out of people, and then vanishes into thin air. It's much the same with a creature they've recently started seeing deep in the California forests that they call Bigfoot. Lately similar creatures have been glimpsed in North Dakota, Canada ... are they 'real' or ghosts? No one can say. And that, Mr. Matlock, is the dreadful part of it: Our sense of reality itself may be breaking down."

"The final destruction."

"Precisely. One day we may well begin to wonder: Are we bears, dreaming that they're men?"

When Matlock left, taking Teddy, he felt vaguely cheated. All of Professor Godber's fine theories were of no use at all to him. If evil was coming, could he avert it? How? By drawing a pentacle on the kitchen floor? Praying to Ursa Major? Sticking pins in Teddy? Once away from the Professor's office, the whole business sounded quaint and more than a little silly. Godber had no sound, practical advice, psychological or spiritual. The best thing might be to drop Teddy in a litter bin somewhere, buy Jimmy a nice nylon bear in pink and green, and forget all about Bigfoot and Little Bear and the rest of it.

So thinking, Matlock managed to take a wrong turn among the corridors of University College; he entered a courtyard he'd never seen before and crossed to a strange building. Just inside the door was a glass case with a dummy in it: A white, elderly man dressed in nineteenth-century costume and a panama hat, seated comfortably and having no apparent purpose he could imagine.

A uniformed guard said, "That's Jeremy Ben-

tham, sir. The great Utilitarian. Not a wax model, no sir, it's *him*. Had himself stuffed after he died."

"Stuffed?"

"Yes sir. And every year at the Founder's Day dinner, so I hear, they set him up at table beside everyone else. Never seen it myself."

Matlock was beginning to feel unreal again. He quickly asked directions and left, before he should find himself inquiring whether the stuffed Bentham was fond of porridge.

"So it's a story without an ending?" asked Joan.

"Like Goldilocks, yes."

"Where's Teddy, then?"

"I've disposed of him. Told Jimmy he'd gone on a long voyage, 'where no bear has gone before,' and he seemed to take it gracefully. Actually, Ted's in the dustbin at the bottom of our garden."

"Is that wise? They say bears are clever at prowling around dustbins."

"Very funny," he said, yawning. "Shall we go up to bed?"

"If no one's been sleeping in it."

The phone rang.

"I'll get it," he said. "You go on up."

It was Professor Godber. "Any developments, Mr. Matlock?"

"Not a thing. In fact, I've thrown Teddy away and bought my son a replacement. It's big, 'cute,' covered with chartreuse nylon fur, and if you pull a string it says, 'I'm Buzzy Bear, and I like you.' What do you say to that?"

"Oh." The Professor sounded crestfallen.

"Well, I just called to tell you I've solved the riddle of 'Daniel, seven.' At first I thought it might be something to do with Daniel Boone. You know, *Dan'l Boone kilt a b'ar* and all that. But then ..."

Smiling, Matlock gently put down the receiver. But on second thought, he lifted it again; the professor was still talking.

"... because if Wynoka could read, he almost certainly read the Bible. So sure enough, Daniel, chapter seven, goes like this: *Daniel had a dream and visions of his head upon his bed ... and behold another beast, a second, like unto a bear, and it raised itself on one side, and it had three ribs in the mouth of it between the teeth of it: and they said thus unto it, Arise, devour much flesh.*"

It was not a bear that plundered the dustbin, but Matlock. The only way to be sure of the ending was total destruction. He carried the teddy bear into the kitchen, laid it on the table, and then ripped open its belly with a knife.

The masses of hair he pulled forth were faded, but still recognizable golden. He sat staring at them until alerted by a sound: Something was scratching at the basement door. 17

Centaur

by FRANCOIS CAMOIN

...IN WHICH WE LEARN THAT IDENTITY CRISES
—AND CRISES OF THE HEART—
ARE BY NO MEANS LIMITED TO HUMANS.

I've tried mating with the horses, and I've tried mating with the men. The men are articulate and sometimes handsome, but they're so small, so weak I'm afraid to hurt them. The stallions are powerful but stupid. Afterwards they snuffle and whinny and make me feel tired and sad. That leaves the centaurs, but with them it's like horse-love too. We're a strange and unhappy people.

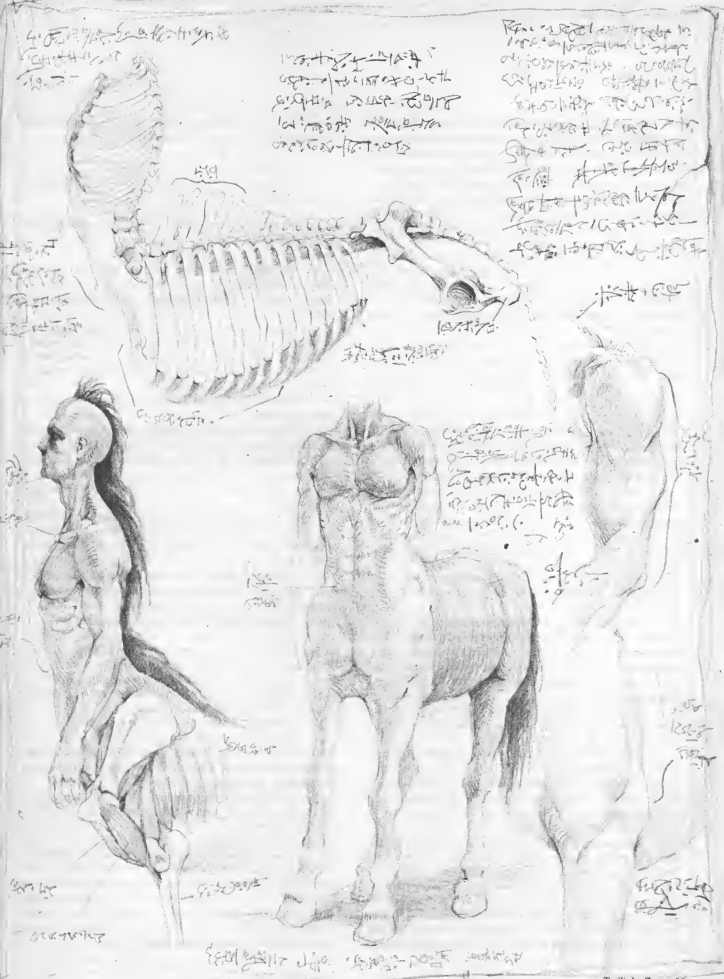
Elon says that the only thing for us is to leave Settlement, go out farther into the plains than the humans dare. We must make a new life, he says. There is no place in this world for us except with our own kind. So much for Elon, who is strong, has flanks like blued steel, and has generously offered to overlook my odd tastes and mate with me for life.

I'd do it if I could, but I know myself too well. His friends gallop their lives away and don't give a damn. They are huge and strong and self-confident. They would be handsome if they were men, beautiful if they were horses; as it is they are poor, pasted-together monsters, half-this, half-that, ugly like me. They prefer not to think at all, and Elon, like the one-eyed man in the country of the blind, leads them

with his promises of better days, better lives without the men.

What he doesn't tell them is why we're here in the first place. If the men know, they won't tell us either. I've read their books and found no clues. *Here* is a grassy planet with no hills, with streams that wind in huge crooked loops through meadows without end, with stunted solitary trees, any one of which can be seen for miles across the flat countryside. I suspect that this world is not home, but if we came or were brought here it was so long ago that everybody has forgotten. Roth thinks that we were *made*, somehow, to help the men live in this place, but Roth is a man, and doesn't see how offensive that idea has to be.

Which doesn't mean it isn't true. But if we were made, then Somebody didn't know what He was doing. The double backbone, oddly jointed at what would be the neck if we were horses, hurts if we try to hold ourselves upright when we run. We are unbalanced, with the weight of human bodies too high and too far forward, so that we fall easily. We are clumsy anyway, with a brain meant to handle four limbs and unable to cope very well with six.



Elon and most of his friends would prefer to be horses. I would rather be human, and that cuts me off from the best that's in them—the endless headlong gallops through the blue-green grass, the mating without love, the desire to have children like ourselves, the animal happiness that sometimes lets us forget what freaks we all are. My work is with the children. I love them; I feel sorry for them; sometimes I hate them for being like me. Poor clumsy freaks who don't know yet that they are as happy right now as they'll ever be. They walk around the big room among the bolted-down lecterns and try to move with grace; instead they stumble and slip, but they think it's only because they're children. They don't know they're freaks.

They'll learn to write and read and count. It's the important things I can't teach them: why they're here, and how they came to be different, how to endure. Especially the last; this they'll have to learn for themselves.

Today they are especially bad. Elvah, my helper, can't cope with them at all, and I have to send her out of the room for a while. She's too young for this; can't handle kids well at all, though she can handle grown males like Elon without trying.

All of Settlement is tense and uneasy this morning, and the kids sense it. Fits of temper, fits of crying. There is a little partitioned space at the back of the room where I can send the ones who need a time out from themselves, and it's been occupied by one child after another all morning. Even the normally quiet ones, like Anna, throw chalk, nip at their neighbors at the next lectern, rush at me with faces full of tears.

During the noon recess Elon comes in. "Meara the fool," he says. The children are playing outside. Elvah is in a corner of the courtyard watching them, wrapped in a blanket against the cold. Turned loose to run and wrestle and play catch, they look almost like normal kids.

"Are you coming with us?" Elon says. "Or are you going to stay here with your two-leg friends?"

"When is it going to be?"

"I don't know. In the spring, maybe. Are you coming with us?"

"They'll come looking for you," I tell him.

"They won't bring us back," Elon says. "Are you coming?"

"No."

He moves closer to me until I can feel the slow heaving of his flanks. What monsters we are: two hearts, two sets of lungs, doubled and redoubled. You'd guess that we would live longer, but we don't. The mechanism is too complicated to last, and we're old at forty, failing at fifty, when the humans are in their prime. Elon is breathing harder, working himself up, aroused as much by his idea of flight and free-

dom as by my presence. Beside him I feel small, and that gives me an odd guilty pleasure.

"Don't," I tell him.

"Why not?"

"Because it confuses things. Because it doesn't lead anywhere."

"We could have children," he says.

I look out the window at my class running and yelling silently on the frozen ground. "That's the one thing I know I don't want."

He stamps the wooden floor with his hooves and moves back and forth restlessly. It's an old dialogue between us, and he isn't really interested in pushing it.

Even indoors it's cold, and his human skin is faintly blue and goose pimples. Elon and his friends make it a point not to wear clothes—it would be a weakness, and they yearn to be complete, to need nothing.

"Make up your mind," he says. "Will you come with us?"

"You can't be serious about taking the children," I say.

"What would be the point if we didn't take the children?"

"They'll die," I tell him. "They won't last the first winter."

Elon looks past me out the window. His expression is full of noble resolve; I want to pick up something hard and smash his head. He doesn't understand.

"Some of them will die," he says. "What do you think would happen to them if we left them behind?"

"They'd live."

"You're a woman," Elon says. Meaning how could I be expected to see that there are things more important than dying. It's almost time for the children to come back in, and I want him to leave now.

"Meara the fool," he says. "Do you know that's what they call you?"

"Do you think I care?"

"Yes," Elon says.

"You're the fool," I tell him. "Half those children will die of the cold. If the men don't round you all up and shoot you first."

"You'd rather stay with your two-leg friends," Elon says. "Don't you know they despise you for what you are?"

"Yes," I tell him.

"You'll change your mind. Good-bye, Meara."

I know that tonight he'll be with Elvah, who rubs against him and looks at him with half-closed eyes full of lust, and tells him he's going to be the father of his people. Some father. Some people. Who's the half-wit who made us, I wonder. What was he thinking about when he did it?

Elon and his friends make it a point not to wear clothes. They yearn to be complete, to need nothing.

As soon as school is over I clean up my lectern, wipe the blackboards, and walk down into town. The human houses are small and cramped; their ceilings are ridiculously low and their doors are too narrow for my kind. And yet when I look at them I can't escape the feeling that this is how houses ought to look. I'm the one who's too big. They're full of delicate artifacts that I'd break without noticing what I'd done. China plates, crystal glasses, bits and pieces and odds and ends that the humans collect for reasons of their own that we don't understand. Roth has never been able to explain to me what kind of pleasure he gets from having so many things around to look at or to touch, so many different plates to eat out of, glasses to drink from, when one of each and one for a guest is all anybody needs.

It's Roth I want to see. I go down the street, looking into all the little houses; most have their curtains drawn and I can only see shadows against the hard white light of their electric lamps. The air smells harsh, full of odors of burning oil, burning coal, spilled gasoline, rotted food. Humans say we stink, but they don't smell themselves.

Roth lives alone—one good reason why we can be friends. In some ways I think he's an outcast among the men as much as I'm an outcast among the centaurs. He spends his mornings shoveling coal at the power plant, though he's intelligent enough to have a better job. He writes poetry; he reads. He has few friends among the men, and no woman that I know of. It would be simple to suppose that we like each other because neither of us fits into the world as it is. Roth and I are friends because we like to ask questions that have no answers, because we're both talkers, because we blurt out things to see how they sound now that they've been put into words. We say things to see if we mean them, a way of being that alienates most of the people we know.

We tried sex a few times, because each of us felt it would please the other; afterwards we were uneasy with each other, awkward and ashamed. What dark pleasure there was in the act didn't make up for the loss.

I lean down and push his doorbell. I feel out

of place in this part of Settlement where only humans live, and I am glad there is no traffic on the street. Not that there are any laws that say we can't go anywhere we please, but by an unspoken agreement humans and centaurs stay in different parts of town unless they're on business. Custom is all it is, but like all customs it has more weight and authority than law.

"You shouldn't have come down here," Roth says. He's short even for a man; he barely comes up to my shoulder. Horse's shoulder, my human waist. He has fine red hair that I can see is thinning on top although he's not yet thirty years old.

"Things are sort of tense around here," he says. "Lots of stupid people wandering around; if any of them saw you it might start trouble."

His voice is low and strong, though sometimes he stutters when he gets excited, and his thoughts race ahead of his power to speak them. "Lots of stupid people," he says again.

"Let's go down to my house," I say. It isn't far from Roth's place. He lives, as he does most things, near the boundary of what is permitted and what custom forbids. I walk slowly so that he can keep pace with me. Humans don't ride centaurs; that's one thing neither race could tolerate, though the books speak about a time when it was common practice. I can't figure out if things must have been better then, or much worse than they are now. The books don't say. I suspect the men have changed them over the years, and we'll never know what it was really like in the old days.

"How's Elon?" Roth asks me.

"He's going to do it. He thinks it's the only way."

Roth keeps looking around to see if we're being followed. The few people on the street either ignore us or give us hard looks, but nobody says anything.

"Are you afraid?" I ask him.

He looks hurt; I've said the wrong thing again. Among men Roth is counted strong. He has wide shoulders corded with muscle from the heavy work he does at the power plant; his legs are short and powerful. He knows I'm ten times stronger than he is, and, though it's nothing more than a fact of nature, he resents it. My sheer bulk makes him uneasy, not because he's afraid of me, but because I'm a woman. A woman-centaur but a woman, with breasts and a woman's voice, and, he says, a woman's mind. By that he means that I am intuitive, unreasonable, illogical, given to sudden moods, aware of subtleties most men filter out of their perceptions of the world. I am, in fact, very much like Roth himself. If that makes me a woman, then the woman in him is close to the surface too. We've talked about these things many times, and come away angry with each other without understanding why. It's an effort for him to be my

friend; I wonder how much longer he'll be willing to work at it. I have trouble understanding the curious pride that lies behind all this.

I open my door, and he steps back to let me through first. He always does this; it always irritates me.

We settle in our usual places: Roth sprawled on a cushion in the corner, me lying with forelegs folded in the middle of the wooden floor. I'm more comfortable standing, but it makes him feel small.

"Is Elon really going to lead you all out onto the plains?" Roth says.

"He wants to be the one who saved the centaurs."

"I hope he'll change his mind," Roth says.

He lets himself slide down until he's flat on his back on the floor, his hands behind his head. He stares up at the cross-beams. "I never feel comfortable here," he says. "Too much empty space."

"I'd be a damn fool to go with Elon and the rest," I say.

"You'd be a bigger fool if you stayed after they're all gone."

"What do you think the men will do?"

"They're afraid of you," Roth says. "They wonder what you might do out there all alone with no one to watch you."

"What could we do besides die of the cold? Or become animals?"

Roth closes his eyes. "They're stupid, but they're scared, and the ones who aren't so stupid are afraid to speak up. The Mayor's a good man but he'll listen to the mob in the end. So will the Council."

Roth turns over on his stomach and props his chin in his hands; he looks at me without expression. "You're beautiful," he says.

"I'm ugly. I'm a monster that somebody put together like fitting pieces of a jigsaw puzzle that don't belong in the same box."

"Elon's in love with you."

"Horse-love. I want something else."

"What?"

"Something I can't have, like everybody. Why aren't you in love with me?"

Roth lays his head down so he doesn't have to look at me. "Because it would be ridiculous."

"And with Elon?"

"It's natural."

"Two freaks?"

"Stop it," Roth says. He still doesn't look at me. "You're beautiful, Elon is beautiful."

"I want to stay with you."

"You know that's impossible."

"Why?"

"I don't want to talk about it."

"I love you," I tell him.

"I can't love you," he says.

The men have helicopters, machine guns, hovercraft. If they want to keep us here, they will.

He comes over to me and I lie on my side so that we can hold each other. It's awkward but it's good. His knees feel like two hard stones against my chest. I wrap my arms around him and hold him as close as I can.

"I'm glad I can't see us," Roth says. "We must look grotesque." I hold him and after a while I feel him going to sleep.

I can't sleep, but that's nothing new. There is no comfortable position; some of us have learned to sleep standing up, as horses do; others lie down as best they can, prop themselves with cushions, make do. I often sleep on my side the same way I am lying with Roth in my arms now, but that puts weight on organs not meant to take weight. I wake up congested, achy, filled with nameless pains. I feel Roth stir against me. He's more intelligent than Elon, but since when does intelligence solve anything? He's stuck like the rest of us. He stirs again and opens his eyes.

"What's Elon planning to do after he gets you all out there? How are you going to live?"

"Teach us to be farmers, I suppose. We'll have to eat. Teach us to be ourselves instead of half-humans. Except I think I'm too old to learn. They have meetings, but I don't go."

Roth nods. His eyes are sad. "Maybe Elon's right," he says.

Roth can always see the other side of the question. That's why he shovels coal in the power plant instead of being a leader of men. After a while he goes to sleep again, and I lie awake thinking about Elon and the rest out there hundreds of miles away in those flat meadows, galloping in frozen circles, learning to be themselves.

At school the next morning it's more of the same. Elvah is half an hour late and looks more sleepy than I do. Out the window I can see Elon, who brought her, walking away. He turns and catches my eye for a second through the window. He looks smug, sure of himself, satisfied. Horse-love. I don't want any of it. Or I do and won't admit it. I read to the kids out of old books, stories about when we all were farmers and lived from crop to crop, at the mercy of wind and weather. In the begin-

ning of Settlement, that's what we all were, the books say. They don't say where we were before that.

"Did people starve?" Anna wants to know.

"Sometimes."

"Did they die?"

"Some of them did."

In the back of the room Elvah is leaning against the wall, going to sleep. With her eyes closed she looks as innocent as Anna; she knows what she wants and she thinks she has it already.

"Will we all have to go out there when Elon says?" Anna asks me.

The other kids stir. A book drops on the floor; somebody giggles uneasily. Elvah opens her eyes.

"Maybe," I say.

I think about Roth. He said the men were holding secret meetings, trying to decide what to do about us. Whether to keep us in Settlement by force. They have helicopters, machine guns, hovercraft. If they want to keep us here, they will.

"Of course we'll all go," Elvah says. The kids turn around to look at her. "The two-legs don't want us," she says. "We'll never be anything until we leave them and learn to live by ourselves."

The children turn back to me to see what I have to say about this. "Do you think we should go?" I ask them.

"No," Anna says.

"Yes," Royal says. He's nine years old, bigger than any of the others, already sure of himself. I wish I liked him more than I do, but his square face, his blue eyes with no depth, make me think of Elon.

"I'm sure that if some of us want to stay, we can," I tell Anna. Royal's eyes meet mine for a second in defiance and contempt, then he looks down at his lectern because I'm the teacher and for a while he still has to obey.

"Did humans really ride us once upon a time?"

Anna says.

"I'd never let any two-legs ride me," Royal says.

Anna looks at him with an expression I've seen too many times on Elvah's face when Elon walks into the room. I'd like to shake her, but it wouldn't do the slightest bit of good; it's horse-nature.

And so it goes until noon recess, when I'm supposed to meet Roth outside the power plant. There's a field back there, full of green grass growing up through the slag and rubbish, where we sometimes eat lunch together.

"How did it go this morning?" Roth says.

"About how I expected." I tell him about Anna and Royal, and he nods without looking up from his sandwich, accepting the idea.

"Aren't you going to eat?" he says.

"I didn't bring anything. Roth . . ."

"I'll share with you," he says. "I'm hungry in the morning so I always pack more than I can eat."

"I don't want anything. Roth, why does it have to be like this?"

"Eat," he says, holding out half his sandwich. "You'll feel better." He's going to say something else, but suddenly we're surrounded by men who seem to rise up out of the piles of slag. Their faces are blank, unfriendly.

"Hey, horse-lover," one says. He's bigger than Roth, wider and taller; his face is streaked with coal; his smile is nasty. Some of his friends look uneasy but others are pushing forward, crowding Roth. They leave a space around me as if telling me their business is with Roth today. Several of them are holding lumps of slag, sharp-edged and brutal.

"What's the matter, horse-lover, you don't like women?"

I edge closer. I want Roth to leap on my back; we'll ride right through them before they can move. Something holds me back—pride, dignity? I can't say the words.

"If you want to fight, I'll fight any of you one at a time," Roth says. All it gets him is a nasty laugh from the one who called him horse-lover. They move in closer, making a ring around him; I'm left outside.

"Run, Meara," he says suddenly. He lunges at the men, and they open a path for him; for a second I think he's going to get away, until the first lump of slag catches him between the shoulders, hard enough to knock him down. They're on him, holding rocks, slag, broken bottles, their arms rising and falling without sound. I push forward, knocking bodies out of my way; the men scatter and are gone as suddenly as they came. I pick him up in my arms.

"You see?" Elon says the next morning.

We're standing side by side watching Roth's coffin being lowered into the ground. It's a cold day, with an icy wind whipping in from the plains, promising winter though that's still two months away. On the other side of Elon is Elvah, holding hands with him and looking bored. Why shouldn't she look bored, I think. She didn't know Roth. She's here because Elon's here, staking her claim publicly. Across the grave from us, hats held in their hands, eyes watering in the wind, are the Mayor of Settlement and his City Council, looking properly sorrowful, getting ready to throw in a shovelful of earth and make a speech. Brotherhood is the order of the day for everyone except Elon and me.

"We're leaving tomorrow morning," Elon whispers to me. "If we do it now while they're feeling ashamed of themselves, they'll let us go without trouble. If we wait till spring, they'll remember they don't want us to go."

"How do you plan to make it through the first

winter without crops?"

"Dried food," he says, as another man might whisper *God*. With total faith.

The coffin disappears. The Mayor steps forward, coughs, begins to talk in the direction of the crowd behind the ropes. "Fellow citizens . . ."

Off to one side, separated from the men by double ropes and a thin line of our fellow citizens in police uniforms, I see the children, brought here at the Mayor's invitation as an opportunity to learn civic duties. Royal is looking down at the earth, pawing it with his forefoot, his brow wrinkled. Anna is there too, but I can't see her. One by one the City Council steps forward to throw a shovelful of earth on Roth, who is past giving a damn about all this.

Jt's still dark when I hear them begin to gather out in the streets, and I know it's time to be going. I'm a fool to go; I'd be a bigger fool to stay. I put on my heaviest coat, and take a look around the room to see if there's anything I want to take with me. There isn't.

The centaurs are all out in the street; their breath rises like steam in the hard light of the street-lamps. Some of the males are hitched to two-wheel

carts—an indignity, but then they'll soon be pulling plows. Elon is at the front, waiting for us to sort ourselves out. A few flakes of snow are drifting down; the wind is light, caressing, deadly cold.

Elon waves to me to come join him. Instead I look around for Anna and finally find her huddled against a wall, away from the other children. I take her hand. Elon raises his arm and sweeps it down and forward in a gesture he's seen in some old heroic film, and we begin to walk slowly down the street between our dark houses. If nothing happens to stop us—and I believe for once that Elon is right and nothing will—tomorrow we'll be out on the plains picking our way through the frozen grass, following the curve and recurve of the rivers, headed for a new life.

We reach the edge of Settlement where the houses end, and the wind picks up, cuts deeper. Anna begins to cry softly. I hold her hand tightly, but there isn't anything I can say to her. What's it going to be, this new life, if we're lucky enough to make it through the winter? I can still see Elon at the head of the column with Elvah beside him. I'm sure his face is full of noble determination. He doesn't know any more than we do about what it's going to be like, but he goes ahead anyway. And we follow. **17**

Answers to The "Children's Hour" Quiz

1. "It's a Good Life" by Jerome Bixby
2. *Something Wicked This Way Comes* by Ray Bradbury
3. "Jeffty Is Five" by Harlan Ellison
4. "Children of the Corn" by Stephen King
5. "Jack-in-the-Box" by Ray Bradbury
6. "The Rocking Horse Winner" by D.H. Lawrence
7. "The River Styx Runs Upstream" by Dan Simmons
8. "The Big, Tall Wish" by Rod Serling
9. "Sredni Vashtar" by Saki
10. *The Exorcist* by William Peter Blatty
11. "The Dunwich Horror" by H.P. Lovecraft
12. "The White People" by Arthur Machen
13. *The Bad Seed* by William March
14. "Thus I Refute Beelzy" by John Collier
15. *The Shining* by Stephen King
16. *A Clockwork Orange* by Anthony Burgess
17. *Lord of the Flies* by William Golding
18. *The Other* by Thomas Tryon
19. "Teddy" by J.D. Salinger
20. *The Boys from Brazil* by Ira Levin



LARES & PENATES

by CHET WILLIAMSON

THEY WERE OLD, POOR, AND FRIGHTENED.
BUT MAYBE THEY HAD GOD—OR THE GODS—ON THEIR SIDE.

The house was small and white, tucked neatly between two slightly larger houses, divided from the one by a narrow driveway, from the other by five yards of grass. The grass was thin, its sparseness due to the ancient maple in the front yard that served as a huge umbrella, shading both house and grass from the sun. Everything was shaded at the Morgans' place—the little porch set back only a few feet from the sidewalk, the flowers just off the porchfront that somehow grew without sunlight, the windmill and wooden ducks and flamingo and jockey boy that stood close together on both sides of the little walkway that led from sidewalk to porch. Everything was in shadow except the Morgans. Abner and Dorothy.

Abner and Dorothy. For years the sun had seemed to shine on them, and their neighbors looked at them with affection and envy, affection for the affection they gave, envy for what they had become. Not for money or property or fame, but envy for the so difficult achievement of growing old happily and gracefully, for living together in a house, humble as it was, with green shutters and flowers that tried their best and lawn ornaments on what could only with kindness be called a lawn. Abner and Dorothy in their eighties, *sans* rest home, *sans* live-in nurse, *sans* mooching off their children, for there were no children, and that perhaps was unfortunate, but they seemed such a perfect unit that a child might have been an intrusion, a book pushing apart matched bookends.

And on a warm summer's afternoon in this quiet neighborhood on the outskirts of this quiet city, if one goes off the shaded sidewalk up the little cement path, past the flamingo and the ducks and the coal black stare of the jockey boy pretending to hold a lantern that has been missing since 1947, one might hear Abner Morgan say to his wife, Dorothy, "We can't live anymore."

"Can't live?"

"It's too much. It's all too much." Abner vaguely waved a hand at the white mass of bills on the desk top before him. "Electricity, oil, insurance, groceries ... and doctor bills. So many doctor bills."

Dorothy looked down, and her mouth wrinkled like an old leather change purse. "It's my medication," she said as if scolding herself.

"Oh no, it's not just that. It's my doctor bills, too. We're old, Dotty. Two old cars so broken down you go broke yourself trying to keep them in

shape. But what else can you do? When it's your life and not a car, what else can you do?" He shook his head and smiled ruefully through his thick white moustache. "We shouldn't have gone away. That's what did it."

"Abner, that was ..."

"Now don't tell me any differently. We didn't have to go. I didn't have to see those places."

"All your life, Ab, you wanted to see Rome, see Greece, all the places you taught about."

"A lot of people want," he answered. "But they've got better sense."

"You saved years for that. For us. I loved it just as much as you did. More."

Abner tossed the pen on the desk, knocking over the pile of bills. "I just wish we could have gone when we were younger."

"I don't begrudge it," Dorothy said dreamily. "Not at all."

"You travel," Abner snorted, "and what do you have to show for it? Memories, an albumful of photos ..."

"Souvenirs," Dorothy smiled.

"Souvenirs," he repeated, picking up a small stone figure from one of the recesses in the rolltop.

"I love that," Dorothy said.

"We don't even know if it's authentic."

"I believed the man," she said. "It looks old."

"We look old," Abner replied, hefting the figure in his hand. "A second mortgage," he said. "A second mortgage for this."

"Not just for that."

"What else have we got to show for it?"

"What you said. Memories."

"We can't pay bills with memories."

She looked at him oddly, as if finally understanding the gravity of his complaints.

"We can't pay the bills," he said again.

"The mortgage?" she asked in confusion.

"No. Not enough left."

"But we ... we had it figured out ... we could do it all right ..."

"That was three years ago, Dotty. Before three more years of inflation and fuel hikes and real estate tax going up all the time." He ran his fingers through his thin hair. "Maybe we didn't think we'd live this long."

"We can cut corners," she said. "The telephone—no one calls anymore. Maybe we could ..."

"Dotty," he said quietly, "we haven't had a phone for six months now."



Diogenes

LARES & PENATES

She looked surprised, but her eyebrows met in remembrance, and she nodded. "Your pension," she said, "the social security, there are increases..."

"Not enough. Not for the mortgage. And for the bills." He looked again at the stone figure. "Damn it. How ironic. A second mortgage for a lar. We lose our home for a lar."

"What? A what?"

He turned toward her, smiling thinly but with kindness. "A lar. I've told you, you remember. *Lares* and *penates*. What this is."

"*Lares*." She said the word like the name of an old friend unseen and unthought of for years. "Yes. *Lares* and *penates*."

Abner nodded. "Household gods. Supposed to guard your home, keep it from harm." He shook his head back and forth, back and forth. "Only now no home to guard."

"Is it that bad?"

"That's what I've been saying, Dorothy!" Abner's temper flared, but just a little. "That's what I've been telling you. We can't pay. We don't have enough money." With the help of his cane, he got up from the desk and walked over to where she sat on the recliner. "Our *lares* and *penates* have deserted us, my dear." He rested a thin-skinned hand on her shoulder.

"What can we do?"

Abner sighed. "My lodge home, perhaps. I'm still a brother. We could give them everything that's left," he looked around the small living room at the shabby acquisitions of sixty years of marriage, "little as it is."

"I don't want to go there, Ab," Dorothy said simply.

"No," said Abner, "neither do I."

"What about my sister?" asked Dorothy. "What about Julia? Her husband is a doctor. Maybe they'd loan us..."

"I won't ask your relations for a loan, Dotty. I wouldn't think of it." Abner didn't remind her that both Julia and her husband had been dead for ten years. It was easier and less painful to go along with the delusion.

The two of them went out and sat on the porch until supper, talking to each other when they had something to say, lazing in the silence when they didn't, saying hello as neighbors and acquaintances and what seemed like a hundredth generation of children passed by on the sidewalk in front of their home, slowing to enjoy the cool shade of the big maple, the younger children looking at the jockey boy, ducks, flamingo with unfeigned interest, the older ones with a tolerant amusement, the adults not at all, their eyes passing over the statues of painted wood and iron to drink in the couple sitting

lovingly on the porch, to smile and say hello and envy. Abner and Dorothy.

Abner and Dorothy. They went to bed when it was still light and awoke with the dawn, so as to use no more electricity than was necessary. On the cool summer mornings Abner would awake first, often before six o'clock, dress in a shirt and bow tie, and sit on the porch until Dorothy arose, watching the day grow bright, feeling the air become warmer as more and more cars would pass on the street.

But on this particular morning, when Abner pushed open the screen door, he heard a metallic jingle. Looking down, he saw that the opening door had knocked over a small stack of coins, a few of which were still piled in no special order. There were pennies and nickels and quarters and dimes, and two large half dollars. There was even a 1922 silver dollar, green with verdigris. All the coins were coated with earth, and some were streaked with grass stains. Abner noticed quite a few pre-1964 silver coins among the dimes and quarters. But where had they come from? Who had set them on his porch in the dark, piled up like some child's play tower?

He was still looking at them, cupping them in his left hand and examining them one by one with his right, when Dorothy came out onto the porch in a dressing gown. She was smiling, as though the problems of one day could not conceivably be carried over into the next. Abner thought she had probably forgotten. "What have you got there?" she asked.

"Coins," he said. "Somebody left some coins on the porch last night."

"Why?" She seemed puzzled.

Abner shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe somebody thinks we're a charity case."

"That's silly," Dorothy said, and Abner was sure that she had forgotten. He felt ashamed. Holding the coins made him feel like a beggar.

"I never asked," he said, half to himself. "I never complained to anyone."

"A silver dollar," Dorothy said, taking it. "You don't see these much today." She put it back in his hand. "What are you going to do with these, Ab?"

"I don't know." He thought hard. Kids? But why? "Take them to the coin shop, maybe. There are some old ones here." He might as well keep them. He might as well. Somebody wanted them to have them. And God knew he could use them.

"Oh, you've moved a duck," Dorothy said.

"What?"

"You moved a duck. Look—the last one." He looked and couldn't see any difference, but Dorothy was probably right. One day she'd forget her own name and a minute later she'd remember at what theater they'd seen *Yankee Doodle Dandy* in '42.

**The opening door
had knocked over
a small stack of coins.**

**Where had they
come from?
Who had set them
on his porch
in the dark?**

"The last one," he said, stepping down to where the mama duck and her four ducklings were frozen in the permanent waddle they'd held for decades.

"Put it nearer the others," she said, and he moved it as she directed, brushing a bit of dirt from its wooden bill. "Goodness, but they're dusty," Dorothy said as Abner rejoined her on the porch. "I'll wash them a bit after breakfast."

They went back inside and while Dorothy made breakfast, Abner set the coins on the desk and counted them. They totaled \$7.38, but he thought the silver would bring more from the coin shop, and it did. The coin man asked Abner if he had a metal detector, but Abner told him no, that these were just some coins he'd found over the years. He didn't like to lie, but the truth was too improbable, and to a man as proud as Abner, too embarrassing.

"Look," he said when he arrived home. "Forty dollars."

"From the coins," Dorothy said. "That's wonderful. But come sit down. Such a long walk."

Abner was tired. It had been ten blocks each way to the coin shop. "Not enough, though," he said, shaking his head. "Part of the oil bill, that's all. Not enough."

But the next morning there was enough. Neatly stacked in a small pile was \$185, mostly in tens and twenties. It had been raining, but the money was dry under the porch roof.

"What shall we do?" Abner asked rhetorically.

"Keep it," Dorothy shrugged.

"Dotty, we can't keep it. Not this much. This is a lot of money!"

"Someone wanted us to have it. It didn't walk up on our porch by itself."

"But it might be stolen."

Dorothy laughed. "Who'd steal money to give it away? Robin Hood? Besides, we kept the coins. What's the difference?"

Abner didn't know. His first inclination was to report it to the police, but then he wondered if that meant he would have to tell them about the coins too, and why he had spent them but reported the bills. Besides, maybe Dorothy was right. Maybe someone knew they were in trouble and wanted to be their friend, someone with enough money not to miss a few hundred dollars, someone with enough

sense to know that a flat-out offer of aid would be refused. But gifts in the middle of the night (*scarlet ribbons*, thought Abner, *scarlet ribbons*)—well, that was another matter.

The money was enough to meet the bills that month, but Abner did not allow them to splurge on anything. They kept the electric use low, using the radio only for a little music with supper and the morning national news at eight. Though he was tempted, they didn't resubscribe to the newspaper they'd dropped months before, so they didn't find out about the killing down in the ward.

Not that a killing in the ward was anything out of the ordinary, but it was the nature of the crime that earned it more than a back column in the city's sole daily. A young black man of dubious legal reputation was found stretched in an alleyway, his body bearing the signs of innumerable shallow puncture wounds, and blows light enough to daze but not kill. He had bled to death after what appeared to have been a long struggle. Screams had been heard, but screams were frequently heard in the ward. The young man's empty wallet was found by his body.

Dorothy heard all this in great detail from her friend Esther, who visited every Sunday. "Oh, they just kill each other down there all the time," Esther was saying. "They're like animals, Dorothy."

"It's a shame," Dorothy said. "Such a waste."

"Hardly a waste," Esther replied. "I'm just glad they're all down there and not in our neighborhoods. But I'll tell you this, it's not even the colored that are so bad down in the ward as it is those Puerto Ricans. It was a Puerto Rican that did it, I'll just bet you..." And Esther was off again. Dorothy had heard her vilify the Puerto Ricans so often that she turned off Esther's voice, thought about something else, and didn't mention the killing to Abner when he returned from his walk in the park.

Three weeks later Dorothy's doctor changed her prescription. "They're more expensive, Ab," she told Abner as they walked home from the medical center, "but Dr. Long said Medicare should cover most of it." It did, they learned, but not all. Two days later the compressor in the old Kelvinator broke down. With labor, fixing it cost over a hundred dollars.

The thunder woke Abner at five the next morning, and he lay for a while wondering what they were going to do and listening to the rain slapping the wide leaves of the maple, splashing on the worn shingles of the roof. Unable to go back to sleep, he got up and dressed, the rain-smell sweet and damp in his nostrils. He made a cup of instant coffee and took it onto the porch. There was no wind, and the rain came straight down, saturating

LARSEN RENATES



the tiny front yard, but leaving the porch dry so that he was able to sit on the swing without first wiping it.

It was too dark to see the money at first. Only after he had finished his coffee and the sun had turned the sky from black to a flat gray did he notice it, three fat piles of bills a yard away from his slippered feet. His hands trembled as he picked them up and counted them. There was \$650. He felt his heart trip and race, then sat back, making himself relax, making himself think slowly.

Who? Who could it be? And how could they know how badly he and Dorothy needed it? And why on the porch, where it could be stolen, why not in the mail? And who? And why?

He thought of not telling Dorothy at all, of not worrying her with it, but they had shared so much over so many years that the act of deceit would have been impossible. He took the money inside and put it in a desk drawer. When Dorothy came downstairs he showed it to her.

She seemed only a bit surprised, as if something that she'd been expecting had come in the mail, but far sooner than she had hoped. "Do you know?" he pressed. "Do you have any idea of who could be doing this?"

"Lares." She smiled.

"What?" His ears marked it as a person's name at first.

"Lares," she repeated. "Those household gods." She picked up the stone figure in the desk cubbyhole. "Maybe him. He won't let us lose our home."

"Dotty," he said weakly, "oh, Dotty, he can't move, he can't go out and bring back money. It's someone else. Someone else."

She sighed, turning the figure in her hands. "You must be right, Ab," she said, "but it's such a nice thought."

"I'd better go to the police."

"No," Dorothy said. "There's no reason. We didn't take it from anyone. It's a gift. Someone wanted us to have it."

Had it not seemed so magical, she might not have convinced him. But it *did* seem to have magic in it, glamour in the ancient sense, as he had taught the word to countless members of his English class over how many winters. Glamour, magic. The finding of treasures, the gifts from gods to men. Might not questioning the sources anger the gods? While Dorothy made breakfast he looked at the *lar* she had been holding. Impossible, he thought. Not this. Not this tired and worn old piece of stone whose household, even if he were truly a *lar*, had perished long ago, whose members were dust, whose doors and walls and windows no longer existed even in memory.

But then, damn it, damn it, damn it, *what?*

They kept the money and it kept them. Abner did not tell the police, and Dorothy did not tell Abner what Esther told her three days later of the two numbers runners found dead in the ward earlier that week. "Same way as the other one," Esther said. "All those little wounds. Some sort of Puerto Rican weapon, I'll just bet."

And the weeks passed into months until October came and it was time for the reckoning of the fuel oil budget. According to the bill, they owed \$130, and the monthly rate was going from \$40 to \$65. The next morning Abner found the money again, \$350 this time, in \$50 bills. There was no question of not spending it. It was, he had decided, magic, if not of a household god, then the magic of a friend who knew their needs even as quickly as they did.

A policeman came to the door a few days later, a short, stocky, balding man in his mid-fifties who showed his identity card and badge before he would pass through the door Dorothy held open for him. "Someone's here," Dorothy called to Abner upstairs, who came down slowly, one hand on the railing, the other on his cane.

The policeman's eyes narrowed for a moment, and he gave a small smile, the gentleness of which seemed ill at ease on his coarse features. "Mr. Morgan," he said. "You taught English at Rutherford?"

"Yes, that's right."

The policeman laughed softly. "I had no idea you were the Abner Morgan I had to see. I'm Randy Nolt. I had you when I was a junior. Class of '45."

"Oh my," said Abner. "That was a long time ago. You were . . . Kathy's brother."

**The next morning Abner
found the money again,
\$350 this time,
in \$50 bills.**

**It was, he had decided,
magic, if not
of a household god,
then the magic of
a friend who knew
their needs even as
quickly as they did.**

"Right!" Nolt smiled. "She was a year ahead of me."

Abner maneuvered his cane to his left hand and shook hands with Nolt. "It's nice to see you again, Randy. What can we do for you?"

They sat. "I'm with the police, Mr. Morgan. A lieutenant. And I came over to just ask you a question or two."

Abner stiffened, and Dorothy seemed to lose her composure as well, her fingers darting about suddenly like freed birds. Nolt noticed the transition. "A question," Abner repeated thickly.

"Is something wrong?"

"No, no," said Abner nonchalantly.

"No," Dorothy parroted.

Nolt looked at them for a minute, then went on. "We're trying to trace some bills," he said. "Now, on Tuesday last, Mr. Morgan, you paid a bill to Hollister Oil with three fifty-dollar bills. According to the serial numbers on them, those are some of the same bills that were stolen in a break-in at Woolworth's downtown a couple of weeks ago. We have a suspect under suspicion ... or had one ... so if you could remember where you got the bills it would really help us out."

Abner and Dorothy looked at each other, then Dorothy turned back to Nolt. "I really don't remember, we had them for ..."

"No, Dotty," Abner said. "We're going to tell the truth. We found the money," he told Nolt.

"Found it."

"On our porch. There were seven bills. The others are right here," and he took them from his wallet and handed them to the policeman.

"Found them," said Nolt. "You swear to that."

"On my life." Then Abner told Nolt about the money he had found the other times, and Nolt's face grew paler and his expression grew more grim.

"Mr. Morgan," he said finally. "I didn't tell you everything at first because I didn't want to upset you." He paused. "It's not just a theft I'm investigating—it's a murder." Nolt looked down at his hands so that he wouldn't see the old people's eyes. "That suspect I mentioned ... he was found killed the other night in the ward, his pockets emptied of money. It was the same M.O. as some of the other recent ward killings, and from what you've told me, Mr. Morgan, you've been finding your money the morning after each of those murders. And the amounts correspond fairly well to the amounts these people were supposed to have been carrying."

Nolt looked up at last, and saw the horror and fear etched into the pale faces along with the wrinkles of age. "Look," he said reassuringly, "I don't for a minute believe that either of you are responsible in any way for these deaths. The victims

were strong, big, young. But someone *might* have committed these crimes to get money for you. Do you know of anyone who might do something like that?"

At first Nolt thought Dorothy Morgan had begun to say something, but she was only going, "tsk tsk tsk," over and over again, shaking her head in short jerky motions, like a feeding hen.

"I don't know of anyone who would do that," Abner said. "Not kill. Not even steal for us." He looked at Nolt with pleading eyes. "My wife ... she's upset. Could you leave us alone for a while, wait on the porch perhaps?"

"Just for a minute," Nolt said. "Then I think we'd better go downtown." Abner looked alarmed, but Nolt's next words were soothing. "Just till we decide what to do with you."

"Do with us?"

Nolt shrugged. "Protective custody, maybe. I mean, there's a possibility that whoever did this could turn against you—get mad at you for telling the truth."

The next morning, while Abner and Dorothy were still sleeping in the quiet motel room in which the police had put them, the morning papers hit the streets with a front page story about "The Robin Hood Slayer," which a boozed-up sergeant had let slip to a reporter. The story was picked up by a wire service, and that evening Abner and Dorothy heard their names mentioned by Frank Reynolds.

After a week, they were permitted to return to their house, and Abner shook his head as he saw the pile of bills that had accumulated in the mailbox. "What to do now, Dotty," he said. "Worse than ever." It was far worse. Besides the \$350, the other money, he'd been told, might have to be returned as

LARES & PENATES

well, if and when a link was definitely established. It could, if a killer was not found, take years.

But Abner and Dorothy's finances were resolved in far less time than that. Two days after they arrived home, they received a visit from a representative of a Los Angeles film production company. His clothes and car bespoke money, as did the offer he made to them to turn their experiences into a tv movie. "But there's no story," Abner protested. "We don't know who did it. They may never find out."

"We'll take the chance." The man had smiled. "Might be more intriguing if they don't."

They didn't. Six months went by, and Abner paid all the bills and paid off the mortgage as well from the option money the man had given them. There was not the slightest lead, not the barest hint of who might have been responsible for the killings. Esther continued to blame the Puerto Ricans, "though why they'd give good money to white people like us is beyond me, I'll just tell you ..."

The next spring the leaves came back onto the maple tree, and Dorothy's flowers grew in shadow, and Abner thought that maybe there was a little more grass on the front lawn than last year. In May the big check came, the check that meant they were really going to make the film, and Abner paid to have the house repainted in June. The following October they watched the movie on a

windy Friday night, feeling somehow detached from the shadow show on the screen.

After it was over, Dorothy turned it off and said, "You know, Ab, I'm glad they didn't catch him."

Abner's eyes widened. "He was a murderer, Dotty."

She thought for a moment, as if trying to recall something, then smiled. "You're right. Yes, he was," she said, then turned and went upstairs.

Early in the morning, -around two o'clock, two drunken college boys who had seen the movie stopped in front of Abner and Dorothy's house and took the heavy jockey boy as a souvenir for their apartment. The jockey boy was back when Abner stepped onto the porch the next morning. It had not rained the previous night, and this time Abner saw the blood. He stood for a long time looking into the deep black eyes, then at the sharp beak of the flamingo, and finally at the wide flat bills of the wooden ducks, thinking, thinking until things finally started to come together. Together, like Abner and Dorothy, glamour and magic, *lares* and *penates*.

He went back into the house, came out with a wet paper towel, and carefully, almost tenderly, cleaned the blood from the lanternless fist. The paint was chipped in a dozen places, and he reminded himself to get some at the hardware store. It was, he thought, the least he could do. For *lares*. *Lares* and *penates*. 17

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ICEMAN

TIMOTHY HUTTON CONFRONTS A LONELY
CAVEMAN IN AN UPCOMING MOVIE
FROM THE FROZEN NORTH.
JAMES VERNIERE REPORTS.

Universal's *Iceman* is a difficult film to categorize. It is, on one level, the story of a primitive human who is revived after spending forty thousand years frozen in Arctic ice, and as such it is reminiscent of any number of genre films in which creatures from another time find themselves marooned in the twentieth century. Yet *Iceman*, which boasts a sensitive script by writers John Drimmer and Chip Proser, is also a serious exploration of the nature of being human. This is no caveman-on-the-loose movie. It is a dramatic reworking of the Savage Child theme, a portrait of humans as they once were and may never be again. It examines what we've become—and what we've lost in the becoming.

Adding to the confusion (is this a genre film or not?) is the participation of Australian film director Fred Schepisi, whose previous films, *The Chant of Jimmy Blacksmith*, *The Devil's Playground*, and *Barbarosa*, were so critically acclaimed that many referred to him as the first great Australian director (somewhat to the dismay of fans of Bruce Beresford and Peter Weir). So what we have is a filmmaker who's known for making "art" films, a serious plot which contains elements of science fiction, and a star—Timothy Hutton, as an anthropologist—who'd probably throw a fit if anyone suggested he was playing second fiddle to a caveman.

Apparently one of the reasons the filmmakers are shying away from the sf label is that *Iceman* was inspired by actual events. As the film's production notes explain, in 1898 workers in Siberia found a perfectly preserved specimen of *Mammuth mastodon*, the woolly, tusked, prehistoric ancestor of the elephant. (History records that they ate it, but others have been found, and experiments are being conducted in an effort to clone the beast.) Screenwriter John Drimmer came across that bit of information and wondered, "What if they find a human?"

Last May, Drimmer, along with publicist Lois Smith and myself, flew to the *Iceman* set in Vancouver, British Columbia, to find out what had become of

Drimmer's initial "What if?" Only two weeks of shooting remained when we arrived, and the mood of the cast and crew was a combination of exhaustion and giddiness. (In fact, on day one a local doctor arrived to shoot everybody up with B-12.) Several weeks of filming on location in Churchill, Manitoba (where temperatures dip as low as fifty degrees below zero), and on ice fields near Summit Lake, Bitter Creek, and on the Salmon, Chikanan, and Bear glaciers have left the filmmakers dazed and humbled. There will be no artificial snow or plastic ice in *Iceman*. But if there is no doubt about the verisimilitude of the film's location, there are some questions about the film's plot.

"The only science fiction in the film is the first heartbeat," says Drimmer, speaking of the long-frozen *Iceman*'s revival. "The rest of the story is a human drama." We are sitting in a trailer in the bus depot that is being used to shoot the final interiors. Outside, an assistant director blasts a pocket horn at regular intervals to warn us that the cameras are rolling in the vivarium: a full-scale, five-hundred-thousand-dollar reproduction of the *Iceman*'s natural environment, built out of chicken wire, burlap, and ABS foam. (After the *Iceman* is revived, it seems, the scientists place him in the vivarium to observe his behavior.) Inside the enormous domed structure, Schepisi is directing Timothy Hutton and John Lone, who plays the *Iceman*, as they act out their initial meeting.

Standing just off-camera are the film's makeup experts, Mike (*Raging Bull*) Westmore and Michele (*Quest for Fire*) Burke. Between shots they pat Lone down with mineral oil, smear him with dirt, and adjust his makeup and costume. Lone himself is formidable as the protohuman. Short but muscular—the filmmakers appear to have opted for a Hobbesian primitive, "nasty, brutish, and short"—Lone sports the ridged brow and bulbous skull of our evolutionary forebears; but unlike the Neanderthals of *Quest for Fire*, a film *Iceman* will certainly be compared to, Lone's primitive is



recognizably human, despite his overdeveloped teeth and nails and the elaborate ceremonial scars that cover his body. (What isn't scarred is raw and bleeding.) Lone's Iceman survives not because he lives in harmony with nature, but because he prevails against the malevolence of his environment, and in keeping with that philosophy it is clear as the shot progresses that the Iceman might kill the curious anthropologist at any time. The tension is palpable, made even more intense by Schepisi's demanding method: take after take is shot until you feel that someone is about to scream. That tension is rewarded. Later that evening at the dailies the footage is startling. Spontaneous applause erupts as we sit in the bar, nibbling peanuts and guzzling beer.

Director Fred Schepisi, who gave screenwriter Drimmer a warm welcome to the set—"You're the reason we're all here"—sees *Iceman* as an opportunity to expand that small but vocal coterie of admirers he earned with his previous films. "I was attracted to this film," says the blond Australian, "because I felt it could be a thought-provoking but also commercially entertaining picture, full of pace and energy. I want this film to have, as Nabokov put it, the precision of poetry and the intuition of science. I have to be careful, though. Already somebody said to me, 'You're not going to make it too poetic, are you?' What I'm searching for is the perfect balance: a good picture that people will bloody go and see."

Like Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner*, *Iceman* should be more than an action film with a science fiction premise. It promises to be an exploration of the nature of being human and a portrait in contrasts: the contrasts between modern and primitive, between science and mysticism, between the civilized and the savage. And if the success of Jean-Jacques Annaud's *Quest for Fire* is any indication, then clearly modern film audiences are curious about the origins of the species. Why? Perhaps it is because we know we are a hair's breadth away from the species' extinction. **17**



(1) Drillers for the Polaris Mining and Exploration Corp. discover the cryogenically preserved body of a primitive human in an ice cave. (2) Later, bearing a primitive weapon and ceremonial decorations, the Iceman (John Lone, an Obie Award-winning stage actor) tries to grasp what has occurred. (3) Anthropologist Stanley Shephard (Timothy Hutton) and the Iceman wander across the ice fields pursued by scientists in the employ of the Polaris Corp. (4) Director Fred Schepisi confers with Hutton and Lone on the location near Summit Lake and Bitter Creek, while (5) the filmmakers set up dolly tracks at the foot of the Chickamin Glacier. (6) Shephard strikes a forlorn pose amid the Arctic wastes.



A RELUCTANT PSYCHIC TURNS AMATEUR

*Zeroing
in on
the*

DEAD ZONE



2

5

ASSASSIN IN DAVID CRONENBERG'S FILM OF THE STEPHEN KING THRILLER.

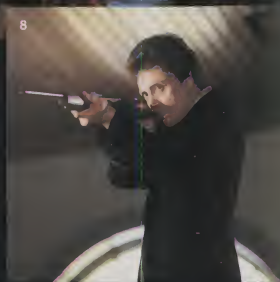


(1) Christopher Walken, as Johnny Smith, rides the roller coaster at a town fair with his fiancée Sarah (Brooke Adams). While riding, he has a vision of his impending accident. (2) Some years later, after reviving from a coma caused by the accident, Smith is tested by Dr. Sam Weizak (Herbert Lom), and has a shattering vision of the doctor's childhood in war-torn Poland. (3) Touched by a nurse in the hospital, Smith—whose clairvoyant powers allow him to be psychically present in his visions—sees himself in the nurse's burning home. In fact, at that very moment (4) the nurse's child is trapped by a fire in her room. (5) Later, in an expressionistic shot, Smith witnesses an attack on a schoolgirl by a mass murderer known as the Castle Rock Killer. (6) Colleen Dewhurst, as the mother of a Castle Rock suspect, tries to protect her son from Smith and Sheriff Bannerman (Tom Skerritt of *Alien*).





(7) Greg Stillson (Martin Sheen), a corrupt and potentially dangerous politician, acknowledges the acclaim of his supporters, while later (8), in a scene reminiscent of *The Manchurian Candidate*, Smith prepares to assassinate Stillson at a political rally. On location in King's County, Ontario (9) the stage is set for the milk truck crash that sends Smith into a five-year coma. Director David Cronenberg (10) lines up a shot in snow-covered Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario. Opposite page: The director muses before Stillson's poster image.



9



On the set of **DEAD ZONE**

TZ'S JAMES VERNIERE TAKES
IN SOME NIGHT SHOOTING
IN (APPROPRIATELY) KING'S
COUNTY, ONTARIO, AND
TALKS WITH *DEAD ZONE*'S
CONTROVERSIAL DIRECTOR.



Dead Zone is where novelist Stephen King and filmmaker David Cronenberg will either come together in glory or cancel each other out. The strength of the Toronto-based Cronenberg lies in the uniqueness of his vision. He has invented his own form, a kind of cinema of pathology in which the ultimate horror is the horror of the diseased psyche. His method is introspective (the terror in a Cronenberg film always comes from within); his visual style is lyrical instead of narrative. In *They Came from Within* (1975), which has been described as the first venerable horror film, turdlike parasites invade human bodies and transform their hosts into sex-crazed zombies (surely, on one level, a parody of the disco decade). In *Rabid* (1977), a young woman, the victim of medical experimentation, spreads a virulent disease which turns people into foaming-at-the-mouth killers (in a neat twist, porn star Marilyn Chambers plays the typhoid Mary). In *The Brood* (1979), a film Cronenberg made while involved in a bitter divorce proceeding, a psychotic woman creates, out of her own emotion, mutant dwarfs who attack those she hates. In *Scanners* (1981), a fifties drug experiment spawns a generation of telepathic misfits, and in *Videodrome* (1983), a visionary film that was a box-office flop, a snuff tv show turns the hero into a human VCR, programmed to self-destruct.

If Cronenberg is introspective, Stephen King is locomotive; this bestselling writer's plots are like those great steaming, coal-burning machines that take you on long journeys, and his narratives are as linear as railroad tracks. His fans claim that King possesses an uncanny ability to tap directly into the collective unconscious of an entire generation and draw out the demons who lurk there, and if success is any yardstick of quality, then King's supporters are correct. But the question remains: Can so "personal" a filmmaker as David Cronenberg successfully adapt a novel by Stephen King?

The key, I think, is *Carrie*, the most satisfying film adaptation of a King novel. Like David Cronenberg, *Carrie* director Brian DePalma is a filmmaker with an unmistakable style whose chief weakness is the narrative. For DePalma, the *Carrie* text was a blueprint that gave meaning and substance to his tour-de-force visual style.

Like *Carrie*, *The Dead Zone* is the story of a misfit, a young psychic named Johnny Smith whose telepathic powers are increased a thousandfold after he

emerges from a five-year coma. Originally developed for director Stanley Donen, *Dead Zone* (true to current cinematic fashion, the definite article has been dropped from the title) went into production in Toronto with Cronenberg at the helm a mere ten days after the release of *Videodrome* (a lucky break for Cronenberg, since the failure of *Videodrome* might have jeopardized his position).

I first met with the director on location in King's County, Ontario, on a dark stretch of dirt road turned to freezing mud by a constant, drenching rain. It was an eerie location. In the adjacent fields, which had been freshly manured, crew members manned enormous arc lights that vaporized the rain, sending plumes of steam hundreds of feet into the air. Trailers, trucks, and cars lined the road for half a mile. The crew was setting up to shoot the scene in which Johnny Smith's VW Bug is totaled by a tractor trailer. (In a bit of Cronenbergian irony, it's a milk truck that sends Smith to dreamland.)

In keeping with the tedious minutiae of filmmaking, it took several hours to set up lights, rig the truck, position rain-making equipment (it was already raining, but not in cinematic downpours), and place the cameras. During this time Cronenberg, who was sick with the flu, made only brief forays out of his trailer. On the set he is almost inconspicuous. He never raises his voice; indeed, when he called "Action!" he could barely be heard.

In an age when wunderkind directors turn into studio hacks without passing go, David Cronenberg is an anomaly. He looks more like an NYU graduate student than a film director, and in keeping with that image his conversation is peppered with allusions to Vladimir Nabokov and William Burroughs. (Nabokov must be in fashion this year up in Canada; *Invitation of a Friend* Schepisi cites him, too.) And instead of the expensive running shoes and gaudy Hawaiian shirts that many young directors affect, Cronenberg looks like he orders his clothes from L. L. Bean. His only obvious bit of self-indulgence is a Ferrari that he bought to satisfy his passion for sports cars. But the impression David Cronenberg makes has nothing to do with the clothes he wears or the car he drives. When you talk to him, you know you are in the presence of a man of ideas, a man who thinks about more than films, and it's this cerebral quality that makes Cronenberg's films so visually and thematically rich.

A talk with DAVID CRONENBERG

TZ: Had you read any of Stephen King's novels before signing to make *The Dead Zone*?

Cronenberg: No, the only novel of his that I've read is *The Dead Zone*. I have read lots of his short stories, which I like very much. I haven't had much time to read novels lately. I've become sort of illiterate, compared to what I used to read.

TZ: Is it because all you read is scripts?

Cronenberg: That's no joke. But I was familiar with Stephen King's work. The first time I encountered it was through the movie *Carrie*. I've since met him a couple of times, and I became aware that he was saying nice things about my work, which pleased me a lot. In retrospect, I suppose it was inevitable that we get together, in the sense that I would one day do something that he had written, but there were times when I didn't think it was inevitable. For one thing, there is the fact that he is so phenomenally popular—and my films have never been phenomenally popular.

TZ: Do you understand why King is so popular? Is it that he strikes some responsive chord in his readers?

Cronenberg: Yes, I think that's it. Part of the reason is that his characters are so identifiable—very American, very familiar and real. My characters tend to be strange, bizarre, or unusual—twisted, perhaps. That could be one of the things that keeps people away from my stuff, I don't know. I guess the difference between *Videodrome* and *Dead Zone* is indicative of the difference.

TZ: I presume that this is going to be very much a Cronenberg film, filtered through your sensibilities.

Cronenberg: Well, it certainly feels that way to me, and I think it will, but I'm not trying to make the film be something that it's not—a mistake that Stanley Kubrick made with *The Shining*. I've tried to be faithful to the tone of the book and to Stephen's voice.

TZ: King's voice is almost childlike.

Cronenberg: Yes, and he usually has some crazed religious mothers.

TZ: Why do you think it's so difficult to make good films out of his novels? They'd seem to lend themselves very well to the medium of film.

Cronenberg: Well, there have only been three attempts so far, and *Carrie* was a success. They're shooting *Cujo* now, which I hear is a kind of sequel to *Dead Zone* in that Frank Dodd, the sheriff's deputy who is the killer, comes back as a Saint Bernard in *Cujo*.

TZ: How did you get involved in this project in the first place?

Cronenberg: When I first got an agent in L.A., I was introduced to all kinds of people. One of the people I met was named Carol Baum, who was working at Lorimar. She's married to Tom Baum, who wrote *The Sender*. Carol said she liked *The Brood* and *Scanners*, and she asked me if I was interested in doing *Dead Zone*, because at that point it was at Lorimar. She didn't realize that Stanley Donen had already been signed to direct it with Sidney Pollack producing. So I forgot about it until one day last year when I was visiting John Landis on the Universal lot and I met Debra Hill. She told me she was producing *Dead Zone* for Dino DeLaurentiis and asked me if I'd be interested in directing it. I said, "Yeah." So Debra and I and Jeffrey Boam, the writer, got together in a hotel room in Toronto for three days and we worked out the way we thought the film should go.

TZ: Who will get the final writing credit?

Cronenberg: Jeffrey Boam. He's the guy who actually sat down and wrote it.

TZ: So this will be the first film of yours that you did not write.

Cronenberg: I didn't write *Fast Company*.

TZ: *Fast Company*, which I understand is a chase film, is a well-kept secret.

Cronenberg: It's on cassette in Toronto, and it's played on tv here, but, yeah, not many people know about it. It was a series of misfortunes. It was Claudia Jennings's last movie—a nice little action picture. I guess *Dead Zone* is the first film on which I'm taking no writing credit whatsoever. I'm doing this film in the time-honored manner of the Hollywood director, which is to say that I feel very involved, but it's not the same as writing the thing yourself. And of course, it's based on Stephen's novel, so no matter who wrote the script, it will always be that.

TZ: The strength of King's novels is often in the characterization, yet film pares characters down. What have you pared Johnny Smith down to?

Cronenberg: Christopher Walken. He's added part of himself to the character. Our portrait is very different from the book. We start with a hockey game, then we jump to eighteen years later, when Johnny is teaching school with his girlfriend Sarah. Then we have the accident which puts him in a coma.

TZ: *The Dead Zone* has one of your strongest casts: Christopher Walken, Brooke Adams, Tom Skerritt, Martin Sheen, Colleen Dewhurst.

Cronenberg: Yes, and that's very exciting. Of course, we had a marvelous cast in *Videodrome*, James Woods and Deborah Harry. On my previous films, many of which were shot in Montreal—not because I wanted to, but because my producers were there—many of the local actors are French-speaking. We ended up importing a lot of people for *Scanners*, and even then you find you can't justify bringing someone in for a small role. So the difference in terms of acting in the *Dead Zone* cast is the depth of experience.

TZ: One of Stephen King's strengths is his ability to plot, and if there has been a common criticism of your films it is that your plots tend to go haywire. Will *The Dead Zone* be the perfect union of two different talents?



Universal City Studios

Cronenberg: Rather than thinking that *Dead Zone* is perfectly plotted, I think that it's a relatively simple plot. To that extent it will be an opportunity for those who criticize my plots to say, "It's a good thing Cronenberg used Stephen King's magnificent plot to hang his movie on." I'm prepared for that. But in fact, it's a relatively simple narrative, and there were many things that had to be changed.

TZ: What has your experience with

Dino DeLaurentiis been?

Cronenberg: Dino's very involved. There's no question about it. You never see him on the set, but he sees all the rushes. We have our arguments, but so far we seem to have resolved them in a way that satisfies both of us. There's lots more room for argument in the editing process, and I have no idea how that will go.

TZ: The plot of the film has as its central device the idea that Johnny Smith

discovers that a Presidential candidate is a psychotic, and he attempts to assassinate him. Are you at all concerned that the film may give some real-life psychos the inspiration to kill public figures?

Cronenberg: No. I don't believe that you can blame films for reality. The tone of this film is actually bittersweet. It's the story of a future that might have been. It's unlike anything I've done before.



The psychokinetic hero of Cronenberg's *Scanners*, played by Stephen Lack (left), confronts a fellow mutant—a deranged avant-garde sculptor (Robert Silverman) who uses his giant creation as a sitting room.



In *The Brood*, a maverick therapist (Oliver Reed) is attacked by the hate-creatures he's helped release.

TZ: The exploding head image in *Scanners* has become a classic screen image, not unlike the eyeball-slitting in *Un Chien Andalou*. In *Videodrome* the ear-piercing scene is almost as striking. Do you have anything new in store for us in *The Dead Zone*?

Cronenberg: Well, there is a suicide

that's very grotesque. We invented something different from what was in the book to conclude the Frank Dodd episode. In the book, he cuts his throat. He does it differently in the film, and in terms of nasty imagery it is probably the centerpiece of the movie.

TZ: Are you ever frightened by the amount of power a director wields on the set?

Cronenberg: Yes, when you're a director you have forty people ready to do anything you say. It's a little like being the king. You think aloud and somebody goes off and kills somebody for you and says, "Well, you said you wanted to get rid of that guy." That's the classic example. It's especially weird for me because in the beginning I was the crew.

TZ: Can it be a tremendous trap for someone with an ego?

Cronenberg: Yes, I think that's the real problem.

TZ: I have described your work as the cinema of pathology. Is that accurate, in your estimation?


Cronenberg: Yes, but it hasn't been a conscious thing on my part. Of course, my sensibility is in each of the films, from the wardrobe to the casting. In *The Dead Zone* it's clear that Johnny Smith goes from Mr. Solid Citizen to being an outsider and a freak and a

recluse. When you think of art as pathology, which some people do, then Johnny Smith becomes an artist. He becomes a visionary and a prophet in a literal sense, and I think that's where this film connects with *Scanners* and several of my other films. That's one of the reasons I felt drawn to the book and felt I could do it properly.

TZ: Do you subscribe to the theory that the artist is a sick person whose art is his therapy? Certainly your heroes have been sick people.

Cronenberg: I think that the universe wounds you and you have to respond to that. Even when I was very young I was conscious of the paradox of life and death and past and future. Not that I was a wounded soul, but I was a fairly reflective soul, and those were things that concerned me. Children are always interested in life and death. To me that's natural.

TZ: Is Tod Browning's *Freaks* a film that means a lot to you?

Cronenberg: Oh, sure. Very strongly. I responded to Tod Browning's whole story and how he was fascinated by freaks. How he loved them and how he ended up misunderstanding them. I am fascinated by freaks as well, and at times I've thought that I'd like to do a life of Tod Browning—except that he was an old circus carnny guy, and I don't like circuses or freak shows. 

PRAIRIE PATH



by MICHAEL BERES

THE PATH MIGHT LEAD ANYWHERE—BACK TO YOUR HOME,
OR INTO THE HANDS OF THE SNATCHERS.

I am walking on the ten-foot-wide black cinder causeway known officially as the Prairie Path, which, for several miles, follows the tracks of the Rock Island Line. It crosses Main Street just a block from my house. I used to jog the path until my fortieth birthday last year, when I decided that I did not deserve to get all sweaty and tired every night, and that my wife did not appreciate my falling asleep in front of the television after my return. Now I walk the path, every evening after supper. I take the four-forty-five home each day, polish off supper in less than an hour, and always make it out to the path before the six-fifteen rolls by. "A regular habit," says my wife. She cleans up the kitchen while I am gone. We have no children—my wife once had one of her tubes removed when she was very young, and the doctors say something is wrong with the other—and we don't have a dog. I take my evening walks alone. "Like clockwork," says my wife.

The six-fifteen has just exploded in my eardrums. Newspapers, pipes, chins resting on fists, standing room only in the yellow light heading toward the orange sky. A snake with eyes all down its silver side, and a red asshole at the end. Air cold and still after the passage of the train. Brown weed-tips bowing low, weeks of snow now melted from

their shoulders.

A miniature dog yelps—schnauzer or poodle—and I imagine pink ribbons on its ears. An aluminum door crashes closed, metal to metal: a bad fit. Expansion. Behind me a truck rattles the boards at the crossing. Then all sound vanishes except for the crunch of my boots on the cinders, as if I were walking on egg shells. The path will never again be exactly the same as it was before unless, thanks to some miracle or to a lot of airplane cement and patience, the shattered cinders are reconstructed to their original form. Molecule A next to molecule B. Impossible. One kick of my toe equals several lifetimes of trial and error as the repairmen attempt to find the spatial combination that existed before I was here. And then what? A violent explosion, perhaps, because it's not nice to fool with Mother Nature. She never wants to be the same again.

I often play these mind games while I walk. Like this path. How many men and women from a simpler time have traveled it? First Indians, then stage coaches, now the six-fifteen. If there is such a thing as ESP, if the brain gives off an aura or magnetic energy, perhaps this path has its own essence, a magnetic field above the land, a band of thought hovering over the path and the track bed,

Prairie Path

the band held in place by earth's magnetic field as it hurtles through space. What if it were possible to go back in time and observe the history of the path? One year back for each step I take, the same time of evening, the same date. The town, the houses, my wife, growing younger as I walk.

The track turns north here, but the path aims for the sunset like a line being drawn by a giant ball-point pen. Writes on everything, butter and banana skins, even under water. The sun is gone now. Nothing left but orange sky behind the arrowhead tips of electric towers with high-tension lines. Bare trees against the sky look like rivers and streams drawn in black ink on a map. The breeze from the six-fifteen has died down, and all that remains is the tar smell of the track bed. The winter cold is stored in the ground and, now that the sun is gone, it rises to my face as if it were sprayed from an atomizer.

A man appears over the rise ahead, dark against the orange of the sky. He's wearing a hunting cap and a knee-length coat. He walks with a slight limp, and as he gets closer I can hear his crunches on the cinders. His are slower than mine, catching up and falling behind, matching every tenth step. I can see the red of his coat and hat now, the brown trousers and black boots. I can see his nose and cheekbones, but not his eyes.

We meet at a depression where a puddle covers the path. We stop across the puddle from each other. Now I can see his eyes, small beneath thick grey eyebrows. I can see his weathered face and dry, thin lips. An outdoorsman.

The puddle between us is about three feet across. I watch the disturbance as the toes of his boots ripple the reflection of sky.

"Nice evening," I say.

"Sure is," he says.

"I walk this way every night after supper."

He leans sideways, favoring his right leg. "So do I."

"Funny, I haven't seen you before."

"Well, I walk the path here every day, the same time."

"Did you see the six-fifteen go by?" I ask. "It nearly ran me down!"

"Six-fifteen?" He looks confused, then slowly shakes his head. Pulling one hand from a deep pocket, he stares at his watch.

"It went by just a few minutes ago. Right on time."

He is still staring at his watch.

"If you walk the path every night, I wonder how come we never met before."

He buries his hand in his pocket again, shrugs. "Don't know."

"You live around here?"

He looks over my shoulder, motions with his

**"Snatchers," he says.
"They wait until
it's dark. Some say
they dance on
the old track bed."**

head. "Right up there on Main."

"No kidding. I live up that way, too."

He starts around the puddle, looks back and forth like a man getting ready to cross a busy street. "Have to get going. Almost dark."

"The dark doesn't bother me."

He stops halfway around the puddle, looks off into the bushes. His profile reminds me of my dead brother, bone in the bridge of his nose and a small chin. His hair curls up from under the back of his cap. He has long hair, not the styled kind of long hair, but hair like I'd seen on an old panhandler who was walking the track bed one night.

"You're not afraid of walking the path in the dark?" he says.

"No, why should I be?"

"You're not afraid of the snatchers?"

"The what?"

He looks at me. Stares at my face, then at my hands. "You know, the ones who come out at night. The anchors have reported them around here."

"The anchors?"

His coat bulges forward as if his hands are trying to point from inside his pockets. "That's right. On the viewer. Haven't you heard the anchors warning the R and F to watch out for the snatchers?"

"The R and F?"

The front of his coat falls flat and he stares at me, one of his eyes squinting. "The rank and file," he says. "The general public." He watches me and backs up into the weeds a little when I rub my cold hands together. "Say, you are R and F, aren't you?"

I start around the other side of the puddle, watching the man but trying to appear nonchalant, because now I'm thinking about the county mental hospital which is only about a mile ahead bordering the path, chain-link fence rusted so bad in spots that anybody could break through.

I stop. We're both standing in the weeds now, a safer distance, about twenty feet. If he is from the mental hospital, why doesn't he just keep going? Why is he staring at me with that one damn eye always squinting? But then, I squint, too, when I talk to people. I've tried to break the habit by looking at myself in the mirror. I can stare for a few seconds, then my right eye gets watery and starts closing. So when I talk to people, I usually don't look at them very much. Except now. This guy I've got to watch. He claims he walks the path every night, yet I've never seen him before.

"Look," I say again, "what are these anchors

anyway?"

"You know," he says. "The ones on the viewer. The anchor people. The news for the R and F."

"Oh, I get it. You saw something on the news about muggers along this path. Well, I'm glad you told me. I'll have to be more careful."

"Snatchers," he says. "Snatchers, not muggers." He looks toward the bushes again. "They wait until it's dark. Then out they come like clockwork. Some say they dance on the old track bed until dawn."

"What do they look like?"

He stares at me, his right eye almost closing. "I don't know. Nobody knows. They say if you see one it's too late."

Anchors, R and F, elves dancing on the tracks. All this from an old man who might be from the mental hospital but who says he lives on my street.

"Where do you live on Main? Maybe we're neighbors."

"On the corner," he says. "Twenty-fourth and Main."

"What do you know. My house is on Twenty-fourth and Main, too. You must live in the apartment building across the street."

"No," he says. "I've lived in the same house for thirty years."

"There aren't any other houses on that corner except mine."

"Well," he says, "that's where I live." He turns. "I've got to go. It's getting late."

He starts walking away, crunching on the cinders, favoring his right leg. And I start walking toward a sky that's dull pink now. I decide to walk toward the west for a little while, until the man is out of sight. Then I'll turn back home and check the news for this snatcher business or maybe for news of an escaped mental patient.

One of the signs marking the path is ahead. That's where I'll turn around. At the sign that says *Prairie Path* and has a picture of a covered wagon on it.

The eastern sky is quite dark as I turn back, no clouds to capture the pinkish glow from the west. My footfalls are cushioned on weeds and I search in the dark for the reassuring crunch of cinders beneath my feet. I search ahead for signal lights on the tracks, for the street light above the crossing, but it is nearly black. Perhaps the power is out. My wife will be upset. She doesn't like it when the power goes out. She will be lighting candles in every room of the house, candles that could topple and ignite the furniture.

I think once more about the snatchers, and suddenly I'm scared. I'm running now, eager to get home. Running into the black air that smells of rotted railroad ties. Each step bringing me back to the

present. Each step carrying me away from the monsters that lurk behind bushes or behind closed closet doors or at the sides of my boyhood bed. A little boy running away from the night creatures that have floated in the dark since the beginning.

I see the shimmer of the puddle ahead, a purple painting of the dying sky. I can clear it. I launch myself into the air, but am dragged downward by my heavy boots. I land on my right leg, and it feels like the sole of my boot has slipped off. Cold water splashes on my face. Ankle in pain. I roll on the cinders. The water on my lips tastes of green, oily slime.

As I sit on the ground holding my ankle, I hear a dog bark, a large dog, its guttural bark flashing images of German shepherds and Dobermans. An aluminum door crashes closed. The boards of the crossing on Main Street bang together as a car or truck crosses over. I push myself up on the left leg and limp home in pain. I should be worried about the strange man. I should be wondering if he'll break into my house. But I'm not. I can see the lighted windows of the upstairs rooms as I approach through the woods from the rear. I can see the light over the back porch as I drag my lame, burning leg through the brambles. I pull myself up the porch and into the kitchen.

Home free. The kitchen smelling old, like stale, cooked cabbage. A comforting smell. A boy entering his parents' house after a scary game of hide-and-seek. I sit at the kitchen table. My boots are caked with mud and weed spores.

"Is that you?" My wife in the living room, her voice sounding scared, high-pitched and scratchy.


"Yes. I think I've sprained my ankle."

She enters the kitchen slowly. She is wearing a mask. She hobbles toward me wearing a grey wig and the mask of an old woman.

"I told you not to go out," she says, her voice pretending to be old. "The anchors say a snatcher is loose by the tracks."

She bends over me, removes a hat from my head and places it on the worn oil cloth on the table. A hunting cap. She places her palm on my forehead and stares into my eyes. Her eyes are deep, the wrinkles about them like excavations. She holds my hand in hers, and when I look at our hands I see the wrinkled, gnarled hands of the old.

Outside a cricket chirps, then another, a chorus filling the vacuum as if resuming after something had startled them. Something loud, like the passage of an old commuter train. I turn to look out the window, but all I can see is the black hole of night beyond the reflection of the old couple in the pool of glass.

"I told you not to go out on that path," says my wife, her ancient hands struggling with the clasps of my boots. "I told you." 

Confessions of a Freelance Fantasist by Isidore Haiblum

PART THREE: A FEW FINAL WORDS ABOUT THE CRITICS, FOREIGN AGENTS, AND OTHER STRANGE SPECIES

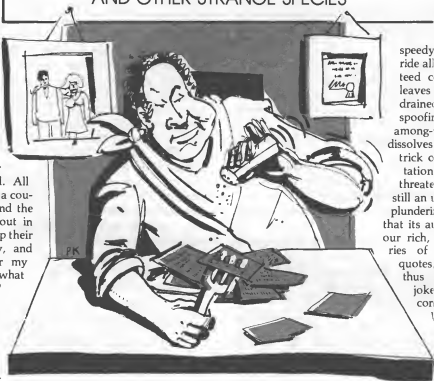
With the publication of my first three novels—*The Return*, *The Tsaddik of the Seven Wonders*, and *Transfer to Yesterday*—I felt sure that my career was firmly launched. All I had to do was write a couple of more books and the world would break out in applause, reviewers tip their hats as I strolled by, and bankers compete for my business. After all, what could go wrong now?

Plenty.

THE WHAT ARE AMONG US?

My fourth novel, *The Wilk Are Among Us*, had a traditional start in life. It first appeared as a six-page outline. My agent, Henry Morrison, sent it off to the marketplace and Diane Cleaver at Doubleday picked it up.

In *The Wilk*, a mishap occurs in an extraterrestrial laboratory designed to study socially hostile species. Leonard, a galactic sociologist, is accidentally transmitted to a strange world along with a brace of Wilk, a Nill, a Hunter, and a peculiar warlike being who appears out of nowhere. All these creatures are now loose, using their respective superpowers to gain control of the planet. Leonard must find them before they do something really terrible to the natives. Unfortunately, he has his own problems. Stranded, he has been transformed, via "automatics"



Take both good and bad reviews with a grain of salt.

(my shorthand for inexplicable super-science), into a native himself. And he can't abide the sight of natives; they make him sick. Especially crowds of them. How will Leonard manage to survive and save this rotten world?

This "rotten world," incidentally, is Earth.

The Wilk was meant to kid the sf genre as well as what Mark Twain called "the damned human race." Not everyone, however, took kindly to such kidding. John Clute, writing in *Fantasy & Science Fiction*, complained:

"Here and there in his new novel, *The Wilk Are Among Us*, Mr. Haiblum does play a kind of perfunctory lip service to the numerous sf conventions he judo-chops in passing with his

speedy grin, but it's a dizzy ride all the same, this guaranteed comic romp, one that leaves the reader a little drained. Though Haiblum's spoofing of the-alien-are-among-us themes never quite dissolves into the confident trick on our rights of expectation that it constantly threatens to become, there's still an uncomfortable sense of plundering to the book, a sense that its author has looted us of our rich, loving, ready memories of the conventions he quotes, and uses the energies thus released to fuel the jokes he plays on those conventions."

Writers, of course, if they have any sense at all, will take both good and bad reviews with a grain of salt; a lot of jeers and applause merely reflect the critics'

unreasonable prejudices and strange temperaments, not divine truth. But only in sf is a reviewer apt to complain that an author has "looted us of our rich, loving, ready memories."

The *Kirkus Review* found *The Wilk* a bit more up to snuff: "Five different sets of aliens and three seemingly unconnected plots cavort through this cheerful adventure. Ironic misanthropy and the often self-conscious rhythms of a stand-up comic are coupled with Mafia shootouts and a spy scene on the Orient Express. Haiblum keeps all the strands of his baroque structure from getting tangled, and when he turns the heat on in all his worlds simultaneously, the results are funny and suspenseful."

SHARON CARRIES ON

Diane Cleaver stayed at Doubleday just long enough to accept *The Wilk* (she is now an agent). Sharon Jarvis climbed aboard the editorial roller coaster and saw my book through the printers. Sharon, the most cheerful of my editors, was a former member of Mensa, the high-IQ society (which she abandoned out of boredom), and I have seen her plow through a hundred-page manuscript of mine in a matter of minutes and then review its salient points.

Now Sharon had an idea for my book. We had gotten a nice prepublication quote from Poul Anderson, and the Kirkus review had come in early. Sharon suggested I draw a small comic self-portrait (four years in the High School of Art and Design had taught me how to do that, if nothing else) and have Doubleday send it and the pair of quotes to libraries and reviewers. The plan actually paid off, brought in a huge library sale, and *The Wilk Are Among Us* became Doubleday's third highest seller in the sf line that year.

Boostered by this success, I went on to write *Interworld*, my fifth novel, for Dell. An alternate-universe caper, the book allowed me to make jokes at the expense of private eyes, big business, urban rot, and spaced-out hippies, rather than conventional sf heroes—a wise move when wooing the sf crowd. The hero, Tom Dunger, one of Happy City's ace security men, has just landed in the soup: someone has broken into his burglar-proof vaults, floored his robots, made off with a cache of Linzateum (whatever that is), and disappeared. To retrieve the stolen goods, Dunger must breach *Interworld*—a nightmarish trip that will send him hurtling through the fabric of the universe.

Besides my grouching private eye, I populated *Interworld* with Klox, a daffy super-robot; Dr. Sass, a muddle-headed scientist; and Gulach Grample, an avaricious entrepreneur, along with a host of other maladroits. The book was favorably compared to Raymond Chandler in the *New York Times Book Review* and prompted editor Jim Frenkel to ask for a sequel; it was to be called, reasonably enough, *Outerworld*.

OUTERWORLD

My opus was slated to share a volume with Ron Goulart's *Dr. Scofflaw*, number three in Dell's Binary Star



My tale ballooned into a full-sized novel.

series. Both were supposed to be long novellas, but my tale developed a mind of its own and, before I knew it, had ballooned into a full-sized novel. Realizing cuts would have to be made,

I designated some scenes for possible oblivion, left the final choice to my editor, and forgot about it.

Months went by. Then one day I received a phone call asking me to stop off at Dell.

It was past two-thirty when I sauntered into Jim Frenkel's fifth-floor office and got my first glimpse of the edited manuscript of *Outerworld*. "This has to be at the printer's fast," Jim told me. "Take it into an empty office and look it over."

"Any problem with the editing?" I asked.

"None at all. I gave it to Lou."

Lou was Jim's assistant.

"You couldn't do it yourself?"

"No time," Jim assured me.

"Things have been really hectic."

Jim's office was piled high with manuscripts. On the floor. On his desk. On the windowsill. His phone kept ringing. Maybe he had a point.

I carried *Outerworld* off to a vacant office and started turning pages. My pleasure at being reunited with my brainchild after all this time began to fade almost at once. None of my words had been altered, I saw, but whole lines and phrases were penciled out, especially in the book's first half. I left my chair to find Lou and ask for an explanation.

"You made a mistake," Lou told me, "but don't worry, I fixed it."

"What mistake?" I demanded.

"Those jokes. They don't belong in your book."

"Don't belong?"

"Look. I've read enough tough-guy novels to know what they're like. And they don't have jokes like that."

"YOU CUT MY JOKES?"

"Just the ones that don't belong."

I marched into Jim's office.

"Lou's cut half the jokes."

"Izzy," Jim said very earnestly, "I looked at that manuscript. It seems okay to me."

"Yeah, but did you read it?"

"No time. Things have been really hectic."

"Well, it's cut to bits. What do I do?"

"Anything you want." Jim looked at his watch. "You've got two hours."

I dashed out to save the day. I spent not two, but four hours poring over that manuscript. (When cuts are made, words and phrases which used to be paragraphs apart suddenly begin rubbing shoulders; embarrassing repetitions, plot holes aplenty, and pure

Confessions of a Freelance Fantasist

gibberish can often result.) After the first few pages, I read none of the excised gags. I had my hands full just checking both ends of the erasure, trying to make sure my narrative was still holding its own. This was a mistake. For while Lou had technically done a splendid and painstaking job of editing—quite beyond the call of duty—he had indeed knocked off what I considered to be my very best jokes, the ones that gave my yarn its special flavor. But despite my complaint to Jim, I had failed to fully appreciate the extent of the deletions. So I did not insist—as I should have—on a few more days to tinker with the novel and restore my favorite scenes, save some one-liners, and make my own cuts. Complete enlightenment came weeks later as I read through the galleys and found the tone strangely askew. Then I objected in earnest. But by then it was too late.

Obvious moral: If someone has to improve your book, make sure that someone is you.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

When foreign editors failed to snap up my books through customary channels—namely, my agent and his crew of world-spanning subagents—I personally wrote the overseas publishers and pointed out their oversight. I expected to be drawn and quartered. Instead, Penguin Books promptly bought one of my novels. Editor Paul Sidey wrote back: "As you have probably heard from your agent, the letter you wrote worked wonders."

Wonders is the name of the game, all right. Inspired by my British wonder, I went to work on the Germans. I had never had a sale in Germany before. This irked me. The French, Italians, Israelis, and Spaniards had all come through for me. The least the nice people who brought us World War II could do, I felt, was buy one of my books.

After a decade of neglect, I wrote some German publishers myself. This brought two letters from my agent's German rep. The first read: "I do not object to Haiblum going directly to the publishers, as this will teach him the futility of such efforts."

The second letter rescinded the first: "I would very much like to be in full control of all books submitted to German publishers."

In idle moments I would reread these letters aloud in a thick German



After all, it's your book.

accent. This was good for kicks, but did not improve my sales.

One evening a German magazine editor on vacation in New York wandered into a party I was attending. Over a drink I outlined my difficulties with his colleagues. The editor returned home with a parcel of my books under his arm, struck up a conversation with an sf editor, and sold him *The Return*. Till then, only a Spanish firm had bought this book, and that had been ten years before! A week went by and I heard from my French agent: he, too, had sold *The Return*.

My recent novel was showing signs of life. I was not surprised. Hijinx in the future, in outer space, or in an alternate universe or imaginary world hardly date at all. It is one of the fantasy genre's chief assets.

Moral: Even with top agents working for you, it often pays to do some promotion on your own. After all, it's your book, isn't it?

NEW DIRECTIONS

Taking a break from science fiction, I now wrote, with my old chum Stuart Silver, *Faster Than a Speeding Bullet*, a book of trivia about the

golden age of radio. Mining the fields of trivia can be lots of fun, as Stuart and I discovered, but it is not a suitable occupation for a grownup. I went back to writing novels.

This memoir is ostensibly about the pratfalls that can trip up an unwary writer. However, no great mishaps occurred in the publication of my next book, *Nightmare Express*, an sf melodrama set in New York in the past, alternate present, and future. Because it was written in a more-or-less private-eye style, Fawcett, its publisher, had it marketed as a straight novel, thus reaching out for new non-genre readers.

Having a "novel" on my hands now prompted me to try for a real thriller. That *Nightmare*, despite its genre switch, had been snapped up by Mondadori in Italy a few months after its U.S. publication added to my determination; obviously I was on the right track. And writing thrillers had been my original intention years ago when I first got into the business. Being somewhat cautious, though, and in need of a speedy advance, I decided to hedge my bets and do a standard mystery rather than take two or three years on trying to write a more ambitious novel on spec.

This seemed like common sense. If you try to sell a major novel on the basis of a few opening chapters and an outline, you are needlessly bucking the odds, unless you're a big-name author. No riches will magically descend on you. The big advertising and promotion dollars will be pulled down by the other guy—the one who came with a finished product and sold it to the highest bidder. Your own opus will fall into a dreary slot: already occupied by numerous other authors. This slot generates a minuscule advance, skimpy royalties, meager promotion—if any—and lots of aggravation. Should you actually produce a masterpiece from your outline and opening chapters, you'll have the devil's own time convincing your publisher to do something about it. Book companies will risk huge fortunes only on a handful of writers and cover their bets by turning out loads of books not meant to be bestsellers, but merely to bring in a minimal profit. All these books together can add up to a substantial sum—for the publishers.

I wrote my opening chapters and outline and got them to the right peo-

ple. An editor at Warner Books offered to buy my mystery and was promptly fired. (Not over me, thank God.) Other companies went out of business, still clutching my manuscript. Editors informed me that I had picked a poor time to switch genres. The book business was in a crisis, cutting back, retrenching, and going through connipations. The book business wasn't the only one.

I decided to do a couple of more sf novels, after all. It seemed the reasonable thing to do. Fortunately, I get a kick out of sf.

Doubleday's Pat LoBrutto bought an outline I'd worked up called *The Mutants Are Coming*, a tale about political shenanigans on Earth and a Moon-Base troubleshooter sent down to put matters right. With mutants as my target, I felt I was on safe ground. How many mutants were around to complain?

I asked Pat, "Do I do it funny or straight?"

Pat thought it over, "Izzy, it's got to be funny."

Shortly afterward, NAL's Sheila Gilbert invited me to try my hand at some science fiction for her outfit. Over lunch, I rattled off five plot lines I'd concocted especially for the occasion.

"What do you think?" I asked her.

"How about the same hero for all five? That could give us a series."

"We want that?"

"A series sells better."

Obviously we wanted that. "Which plot comes first?" I asked.

"The one about the galactic empire and the New York reporter," Sheila suggested. "*The Identity Plunderers*."

I had one more question. "Do I do it funny or straight?"

Sheila thought it over. "Izzy, it's got to be straight."

I arranged for both books to come out in March 1984, thus attempting to please all my fans; both solemn and mirthful, in one fell swoop.

ON BEING A WRITER

The joys of being a fantasy writer are many. First of all, there is the check. Strange as it may seem, publishers will actually pay you money to sit home and daydream. While few readers will look to your books for guidance on foreign affairs or moral behavior, the ardent fantasy writer can touch on these matters, too. He can, in fact, do anything he wishes, as long as his



A writer can pull whole universes out of his hat.

editor likes it and the public buys it. He can ridicule society's less endearing traits, heap praise on past eras which are especially close to his heart, and pull whole universes out of his hat. Better yet, he can do this in the style of Sir Thomas Mallory's *Mort d'Arthur*, Dashiell Hammett's *Sam Spade*, any other style that lights up his imagination, or even his own voice. No dreary office workers will clutter his life, and the coffee breaks he takes will be timed to his own moods and fancies. Periodically his masterpieces will roll off the presses, hopefully to the wild applause of fans, colleagues, and his mother. Who could possibly ask for more?

Here's the important thing:

A writer is tied to his desk five days a week. He may stray far afield in his off-hours, but while on duty, the only place he can rummage is in his own mind. He had better like it there, and dote on the mere act of writing, because that is how he is going to spend the lion's share of his time. If he does, then his time will be well spent. And writing will, in fact, become its own reward.

Although a great deal of money would be nice, too. **17**

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by RAMSEY CAMPBELL

WHAT TERRIBLE THING HAD HE WISHED FOR, THAT DAY IN THE FOREST?
AND WHAT TERRIBLE THING HAD GRANTED IT?

Fifty years later he went back. He'd been through school and university, he'd begun to write a novel at the end of a year spent searching for jobs, and it had been hailed as one of the greatest books ever written about childhood, had never been out of print since. He'd been married and divorced before they had flown him to Hollywood to write the screenplay of his novel, he'd had a stormy affair with an actress whose boyfriend had sent a limousine and two large monosyllabic men in grey suits to see him off home to England when the screenplay had been taken over by two members of the Writers Guild. He'd written two more books which had been respectfully received and had sold moderately well, he'd once spent a night in a Cornish hotel room with twin teenage girls, and increasingly none of this mattered: nothing stayed with him except, more and more vividly, that day in the forest fifty years ago.

There were few cars parked on the forest road today, and none in the parking areas. He parked near the start of the signposted walk, then sat in the car. He had never really looked at a road before, never noticed how much the camber curved; it looked like a huge pipe almost buried in the earth, its surface bare as the trees, not a soul or a vehicle in sight. The wintry air seeped into the car and set him shivering. He made himself get out, the gold weighing down the

pockets of his heavy coat, and step onto the sandstone path.

It sloped down at once. A bird flew clattering out of a tree, then the silence closed in. Branches gleamed against the pale blue, cloudless sky, lingering raindrops glittered on the grass that bordered the path. A lorry rumbled by above him, its sound already muffled. When he looked back he could no longer see his car.

The path curved, curved again. The ingots dragged at his pockets, bruised his hips. He hadn't realized gold weighed so much, or, he thought wryly, that it would be so complicated to purchase. He could only trust his instinct that it would help.

His feet and legs were aching. Hollywood and his Cornish night seemed less than words. Sunlight streaked through dazzling branches and broke raindrops into rainbows, shone in the mud of trails that looked like paths between the trees. He would have to follow one of those trails, if he could remember which, but how would he be able to keep his footing in all that mud? He made himself limp onward, searching for landmarks.

Soon he was deep in the forest. If there was traffic on the road, it was beyond his hearing. Everywhere trails led into darkness that was a maze of trees. The sound of wind in the trees felt like sleep.



Illustration by Leo Manello



Now he was trudging in search of somewhere to sit down, and so he almost missed the tree that looked like an arch.

It must have looked more like an arch when he was ten years old and could hide in the arched hollow of the trunk. For a moment he felt as if the recognition would be too much for his heart. He stooped and peered in, then he squeezed himself into the hollow, his bones creaking.

It was slippery under his hands, and smelled of moss and moist wood. The ingots swung his pockets and thumped the wooden shell. He couldn't stand upright, couldn't turn. He hadn't turned then, either—he'd stood with his face to the cool woody dimness and listened to his parents passing by. He hadn't been wishing anything, he told himself fiercely; he had simply been pretending he was alone in the forest, just to make the forest into an adventure for a few minutes. Now, as he struggled to stoop out of the hollow, he could hear them calling to him. "Don't lag, Ian," his father shouted, so loud that someone in the forest called "Hello!", and his mother called more gently, "We don't want you getting lost."

It was midsummer. The sun stood directly over the path, however much the path curved; he could smell the sandstone baking. The masses of foliage blazed so brightly that, whatever their tree, they seemed to be a single incandescent shade of green. His feet were aching, then and now. "Can't we have our picnic yet?" he pleaded as he ran to his parents, bruising his soles. "Can't I have a drink?"

"We're all thirsty, not just you." His father frowned a warning not to argue; sweat sparkled in his bristly moustache. "I'm not unpacking until we get to the picnic area. Your mother wants to sit down."

Ian's mother flapped a handful of her summer dress, through which he could see the lacy outlines of her underwear, to cool herself. "I don't mind sitting on the grass if you want a rest, Ian," she said.

"Good God, you'd think we'd been walking all day," his father said, which Ian thought they had. "Rest and drink when we get to the tables. I never asked for a rest when I was his age, and I know what I'd have got if I had."

"It's the school holidays," she said, that rusty edge to her voice. "You aren't teaching now."

"I'm always teaching, and don't you forget it."

Ian wondered which of them that was meant for, especially when his mother said under her breath, "I wish he could just have a normal upbringing, how I wish..." He held hands with both of them and marched along for a few hundred yards. Had he grown bored then, or had he felt their tension passing back and forth through him? He remembered only running ahead until his father called, "Hang on, old fellow. Let's find your mother some shade."

Ian turned from the path that seemed to curve

It was a well. He read the words chipped out of stones that were part of the crumbling circular rim: Feed Me A Wish.

away in the wrong direction forever. His father was pointing into the trees. "The tables should be along here," he said.

"Don't get us lost on my account," Ian's mother protested.

His father hitched up his knapsack and nodded curtly at it over his shoulder. "I could do with some shade myself."

"I'll carry something if you like. I did make the picnic, you know."

His father turned his back on that and strode onto the path between the trees, his shorts flapping, the black hairs on his legs glinting as the sunlight caught them a last time at the edge of the shade. As soon as Ian followed his mother under the trees, he realized he had already been hearing the stream.

He could hear it now. The sandstone path that was supposed to lead back to its starting point curved away in the wrong direction ahead, not forever but as far as the eye could see, and there on the left was the path his father had taken. It looked dark and cold and treacherous, shifty with dim shadows. He listened while the wind and the trees grew still. There was no sound at all in the woods, not a bird's or a footstep. He had to take a breath that made his head swim before he could step between the trees.

"We can't get lost so long as we can hear the stream," his father said, as if that should be obvious. His path had followed the stream until the sandstone path was well out of sight and hearing, and then it had turned into a maze of trails, which looked like paths for long enough to be confusing. Ian sensed his mother's nervousness as they strayed away from the stream, among trees that made it seem there were no paths at all. "Isn't that the picnic place?" he said suddenly, and ran ahead, dodging trees and undergrowth. The muffled light beneath the leaves was growing dimmer, so that he was in the glade and almost at the standing shape before he realized it was not a table. "Watch out, Ian!" his mother cried.

He could hear her voice now, in the midst of his laborious breathing. He wasn't sure if this was the glade. Despite the bareness of the trees, it seemed shadowy and chill as he stepped out beneath the

patch of blue sky. He was shivering violently, even though the glade looked much like any other: a dip in the ground strewn with fallen leaves and a few scraps of rubble—and then he saw the word that was crudely carved in one of the stones, almost obscured by dripping moss: FEED.

It was enough—too much. The other words must be among the rubble that had been used to stuff up the hole. He fumbled hastily in his pockets and dropped the ingots beside the word, then he squeezed his eyes shut and wished. He kept them closed as long as he dared, until he had to glance at the trees. They looked even thinner than he remembered: how could they conceal anything? He made himself lower his gaze, hoping, almost giving in to the temptation to risk a second wish. The ingots were still there.

He'd done what he could. He shouldn't have expected proof, not yet, perhaps not while he was alive. A branch creaked, or a footfall, one of many, the only one that had made a sound. He glanced round wildly and hurried back the way he'd come, while he still remembered which way that was. He mustn't hesitate now, mustn't think until he was on the sandstone path.

He didn't know what made him look back as he reached the edge of the glade: certainly nothing he'd heard. He blinked, he drew a shuddering breath, he seized a tree twice the width of his hand, and peered until his eyes stung. He could see the rubble, the mossy word and even the droplets of water gleaming in it—but the gold was gone.

He clung to the tree with both hands for support. So it was all true: everything he'd tried for fifty years to dismiss as a nightmare, a childish version of what he'd grown to hope had happened, was true after all. He struggled not to think as he waited to be able to retreat, fought not to wonder what might be under the leaves, down there in the dark.

It was a well. He'd realized that before his mother caught his arm to save him from falling in, as if he would have been so babyish. He read the words chipped out of stones that were part of the crumbling circular rim: FEED ME A WISH. "They must mean 'feed me and wish,'" his mother said, though Ian didn't think there was space for any more letters. "You're supposed to throw some money in."

He leaned over the rim as she held onto his arm. Someone must have made a wish already, for there were several round gleams far down in the dark that smelled of cold and decay, too far for even the sunlight poking through the leaves overhead to reach. She pulled him back and took out her knitted purse. "Here you are," she said, giving him a tarnished penny. "Make a wish."

"I'll reimburse you when we get back to the car," his father told her, joining them as Ian craned over the rim. He couldn't see the round gleams now.

His mother gripped the back of his trousers as he stretched his arm out and let go of the coin, then closed his eyes at once.

He didn't want anything for himself except for his parents to stop fighting, but he didn't know what to wish in order to bring that about. He thought of asking that they should have their deepest wishes, but wouldn't that be at least two? He tried to make up his mind who deserved a wish more or whose wish would be more helpful, then he wondered if he'd already had his wish while he was thinking. He opened his eyes, as if that might help, and thought he saw the coin still falling, within reach if he craned over the rim, still available to be taken back. His mother pulled at him, and the coin had gone. He heard a plop like breath rising to the surface of water or mud.

"Step out now, we must be nearly there," his father said, taking his mother's arm, and frowned back at Ian. "I've told you once about lagging. Don't try my patience, I'm warning you."

Ian ran after them before he'd had time to make sure whether the stones with the words were as loose as they looked, whether they could be placed along the rim in a different order. He wasn't sure now, as he shoved himself away from the glade where the ingots no longer were; he didn't want to be. He was suddenly terrified that he had already lost his way, that he would wander through the winter forest until he strayed onto the path he'd taken that day with his parents, until he ended up where it led, as the short day grew dark. He couldn't shake off his terror even when he stumbled back onto the sandstone path, not until he was in the car, gripping the wheel that his hands were shaking, sitting and praying he would regain control of himself in time to be able to drive out of the forest before nightfall. He mustn't wonder if the gold had brought his wish. He mightn't know until he died, and perhaps not even then.

His father never looked back, not even when the trail he was following out of the glade forked. He chose the left-hand path, which was wider. It continued to be wider until Ian's mother began to glance about as if she could see something besides trees, or wished she could. "Keep up," she said sharply to Ian, and to his father, "I'm cold."

"We must be near the stream, that's all." His father spoke as though he could see the stream among the crowding trees, which were so close now that whenever you moved it seemed that someone was moving with you, from tree to tree. When Ian looked back he couldn't see where the path had been wider. He didn't want his mother to notice that; it would only make her more nervous and start another argument. He struggled through a tangle of undergrowth and ran ahead. "Where do you think you're—" his



father demanded. "All right. Stay there."

His change of tone made Ian peer ahead. He'd almost reached another glade, but that was no reason for his father to sound as if he'd meant to come here all along; there was nothing in the glade but several heaps of dead branches. He took a few steps forward to clear his eyes of sunlight, and saw that he must have been mistaken. There were several picnic tables and benches, and no heaps of branches after all.

He cried out, for his father had caught up with him silently and was digging his fingers into Ian's shoulder, bruising it. "I told you to stay where you were."

His mother winced and took Ian's hand to lead him to a table. "I won't let him do that again," she murmured. "He may do it to his pupils at school but I won't have him doing it to you."

Ian didn't quite believe she would be able to stop his father, especially not when his father dumped the knapsack on the table in front of her and sat down, folding his arms. Ian could feel an argument threatening. He moved away to see what was beyond the glade.

There was another picnic area. He could just see a family at a table in the distance: a boy and a girl and their parents, he thought. Perhaps he could play with the children later. He was wondering why their picnic table looked more like one than his, when his father shouted, "Come back here and sit down. You have made enough fuss about wanting a drink."

Ian dawdled toward the table, for the argument was starting: it made the glade seem smaller. "You expect to be waited on, do you?" his mother was saying.

"I did the carrying, didn't I?" his father retorted. Both of them stared at the knapsack, until at last his mother sighed and undid the straps to take out the cups and the bottle of lemonade. She sipped hers as his father emptied his cup in four equal swallows punctuated by deep breaths. Ian gulped his and gasped. "Please, may I have some more?"

His mother shared what was left in the bottle between the three cups and reached in the knapsack, then stared in. "I'm afraid that's all we have to drink," she said, as if she couldn't believe it herself.

"You could have fooled me." His father squirmed his shoulders ostentatiously. "What the devil have I been carrying?"

She began to unpack the containers of food, cold chicken and salad and coleslaw. Ian realized what was odd about the table: it was too clean for an outdoor table, it looked like... His mother was peering into the knapsack. "We'll have to eat with our fingers," she said. "I didn't bring the plates and cutlery."

"What do you think we are, savages?" His father glared about at the trees, as if someone might

see him eating that way. "How can we eat coleslaw with our fingers? I've never heard such nonsense in my life."

"I'm surprised I packed anything at all," she cried, "you've got me so distracted."

It was like a table in a cafe, Ian thought, and looked up as someone came into the glade. At least now his parents wouldn't be able to argue; they never did in front of people. For a moment, until he blinked and sat aside out of the sunlight, he had the impression that the eyes of the two figures were perfectly circular.

The two men were heading straight for the table, purposefully. They were dressed from head to foot in black. At first he thought they were some kind of police, coming to tell his parents they weren't supposed to sit here, and then he almost laughed, realizing what their black uniform meant. His father had realized, too. "I'm afraid we've brought our own food," he said brusquely.

The first waiter shrugged and smiled. His lips in his pale thin face were almost white, and very wide. He made a gesture at the table, and the other waiter went away, returning almost at once with cutlery and plates. He was coming from the direction of the well, where the trees were thickest and the stray beam of sunlight had dazzled Ian. Ian wondered what else he'd failed to notice in passing.

The waiter who'd shrugged opened the containers of food and served it onto the plates. Ian glimpsed a pattern on the china, but the plates were covered before he could make out what it was. "This is more like it," his father said, and his mother pursed her lips.

When Ian reached to pick up a chicken leg, his father slapped his hand down. "You've a knife and fork. Use them."

"Oh, really," Ian's mother said.

"Yes?" his father demanded, as if he were speaking to a child at school.

She stared at him until he looked away, at the food he was brandishing on his fork. They couldn't argue in front of the waiters, Ian thought, but feeling them argue silently was worse. He set about carving his chicken leg. The knife passed easily through the meat and scraped the bone. "That's too sharp for him," his mother said. "Have you another knife?"

The waiter shook his head and spread his hands. His palms were very smooth and pale. "Just be careful then, Ian," she said anxiously.

His father tipped his head back to drain the last trickle of lemonade, and the other waiter came over. Ian hadn't realized he had slipped away, let alone where. He was carrying an uncorked wine bottle, from which he filled Ian's father's cup without being asked. "Well, since you've opened it," Ian's father said, sounding ready to argue the price.



The waiter filled Ian's mother's cup and came to him. "Not too much for him," she said.

"Nor for her either," his father said, having rolled a sip around his mouth and frowned, then shrugged approval, "since she's driving."

Ian took a mouthful to distract himself. It was distracting enough: it tasted rusty, and too thick. He couldn't swallow. He turned away from his father and spat the mouthful on the grass, and saw that the waiters were barefoot. "You little savage," his father said in a low, hateful voice.

"Leave him alone. He shouldn't have been given any."

To add to Ian's confusion, both waiters were nodding, agreeing with her. Their feet looked thin as bunches of twigs, and appeared to be gripping the earth; he saw grass and soil squeezing up between the long knuckly toes. He didn't want to stay near them or near his parents, whose disagreements felt like thunder. "I want a proper picnic," he complained. "I want to run around like I used to."

"Just don't get lost," his mother said, a moment before his father said, "Do as you're told and stay where you are."

His mother turned to the waiters. "You don't mind if he stretches his legs, do you?"

They smiled and spread their hands. Their mouths looked even wider and paler, and Ian could see no lines on the palms of their hands. "Just you move from this table before you're told to," his father said, "and we'll see how you like the belt when you get home."

He *could* get up, his mother had said so. He gobbled coleslaw, since he couldn't eat that away from the table, and peered at the fragment of pattern he'd uncovered on the plate. "You won't lay a finger on him," his mother had whispered.

His father took a swallow that made his lips redder and thumped his cup on the table. His bare arm lay beside a knife in the shaft of sunlight, the blade and his wiry hairs gleaming. "You've just

earned him a few extra with the belt if he doesn't do as he's told."

"Mummy said I could," Ian said, and grabbed the chicken leg from his plate as he stood up. His father tried to seize him, but the drink must have made him sleepy, for he lolled over the table, shaking his head. "Come here to me," he said in a slurred voice as Ian dodged out of reach, having just glimpsed more of the pattern on the plate. It looked like something large trying to escape as it was chopped up. He didn't want to stay near that, or near his parents, or near the waiters with their silent smiles. Perhaps the waiters didn't speak English. He took a bite of the chicken leg as he ran toward the children, who had left the distant table and were playing with a striped ball.

He looked back once. A waiter stood behind each of his parents: waiting to be paid, or to clear the table? They must be impatient for their toes to have been scratching at the earth like that. His father was propping his chin on his hands as Ian's mother stared at him across the table, which looked oddly ramshackle now, more like a heap of branches.

Ian ran into the clearing where the children were. "Can I play with you?"

The girl gave a small cry of surprise. "Where did you come from?" the boy demanded.

"Just over there," Ian turned and pointed, and found he couldn't see his parents. For a moment he wanted to giggle at how he must have surprised the children, then suddenly he felt lost, abandoned, afraid for his mother, and his father, too. He backed away as the children stared at him, then he whirled and ran.

The boy's name was Neville; his sister's was Annette. Their parents were the kindest people he had ever known—but he hadn't wished for them, he told himself fiercely as he started the car now that his hands were under control; he didn't know what he had wished at the well. Surely his mother had just been drunk, she and his father must have got lost and gone back to the car on the road through the forest to get help in finding Ian, only for her to lose control almost as soon as she'd started driving. If only the car and its contents hadn't burned so thoroughly! He might not have felt compelled to wish on the gold that what he thought he'd seen couldn't have happened, had never happened: the trees separating ahead of him as he ran, then somehow blotting out that last glimpse of his mother scraping at her plate, more and more quickly, staring at the pattern she'd uncovered and rising to her feet, one hand pressed to her lips as she shook his father with the other, shook his shoulder desperately to rouse him, as the thin figures opened their growing mouths and they and the trees closed in. **17**

MUSIC BOX

Written and Illustrated by
THOMAS M. DISCH



The music box was made in the shape of a little house. When you lifted the roof, you could look down inside a tiny room with two tiny people in it. A teeny-tiny sampler hung on the wall with "Home Sweet Home" embroidered on it. The tune it played was, inevitably, "There's No Place Like Home."

George Miller, for the fourth or fifth time that evening, picked up the music box and raised its roof. With the first notes of the tune, tears sprang to his eyes. He continued silently to shed tears at a steady rate right to the end of the song. Then he snapped the roof shut on the little room, set the music box back on the table, and returned to his martini, the second that evening.

"You're crying," Margaret observed.

"I was crying," said George, without even a tremor of pathos in his voice. "I am not crying now, however."

"Why?"

"Sad music *always* makes me cry." He gave a barking little laugh, which his wife did not share, and took another sip from the martini glass. "Or did you mean why am I *not* crying now? I don't have the answer for that one."

Margaret sighed and returned to her knitting.

"What are you knitting?" he asked.

She lifted the tube of orange and ochre stripes from her lap and stared at it in what seemed to George a rather accusatory manner. "It seems to be the beginning of a sweater," she said at last. "In any case it's much too large for a stocking. Why don't you put something on the phonograph?"

"That was my idea not five minutes ago. The reason I didn't was that I don't seem quite able to get out of this chair."

"George, I wish you wouldn't *drink* so much in the evening. It isn't good for you."

"I am not drunk."

She sighed. "Well, I don't want to argue." She returned to her knitting.

Neither of them spoke for some time. The clock on the mantel chimed the hour, which was nine.

George said, "Margaret, there's something I should tell you. Or maybe I shouldn't."

"Yes, George?"

"It seems that I'm not entirely human. Or even primarily."

She laughed. "Yes, George, I know."

"I cannot, for instance, get out of this damned rocker. It and I are of one substance."

"I'm aware of that."

"I'm stuck in this room for eternity!"

"That's much too melodramatic, George. You should look on the bright side."

"Name one."

"Well, I would have thought you were quite comfortable. There you are in your rocker, with your

WHAT IF THE KEY TO THE MYSTERY OF EXISTENCE WAS NOTHING BUT A METAL WIND-UP KEY?

martini and your pipe and a dog at your feet. And me to talk to."

George looked down at his feet. There did, indeed, appear to be an Irish setter asleep there. He nudged it with his toe. I didn't stir. "I don't think the 'dog' is alive, Margaret."

"Possibly not. But *you* are. In a sense."

"That's what I've been trying to figure out as I sit here, Margaret. In *what* sense?"

"Oh, George, if you're going to be *that* way!"

"I'm being serious."

"The only thing serious about you, George, is your drinking problem. Now, please. Stop being morbid. You know I don't like philosophy. Can't we just enjoy a nice evening at home together?"

"Of course, dear. I'm sorry."

After a longish silence, George picked up the music box. His hand hovered over the lid, and then, instead of lifting it, he looked up. Above him, where the ceiling should have been, was the whorled tip of a gigantic thumb and, behind it, a huge, blue eye. The eye blinked once. Then, as the ceiling was snapped back into place, the lights of the room went off and George lost consciousness.

I can't promise anything," the repairman said, "till Friday."

"Just as long as I can have it in working order by the fifth. That's our anniversary. *Our* fifth." He tapped the lid of the music box. "*Their* fiftieth. Nice, huh?"

The repairman spread open his order book and began writing up the order. "There'll be a fifty-dollar cash deposit."

George had the money ready in his pocket and put it on the glass counter. Inside the counter a row of music boxes in various styles gleamed like a chorus line of Aladdin's lamps, each with its own individually programmed genie.

"Name?" the repairman asked.

"Miller, George. Here's my business card. That'll give you the rest of it."

"And what you want is . . . ?"

"Just adjust it so it isn't always figuring out it's a damned simulatron the moment it starts to think. Where's the fun in that for *us*?"

"What I can do is scale down the intelligence. Give it the equivalent of another martini. If I make it a lot stupider it won't seem as lifelike. Drunk gives the same effect."

"Fine."

"Everything else okay? The little lady?"

"No problem there."

"And the general emotional tone? There's affection? Warmth?"

"The affection's there. You've just got to stop the damned thing from thinking. It gives me the creeps. I mean, sometimes . . ." He looked up at the

ceiling of the shop significantly.

The repairman laughed. "Yeah, you wonder who's watching. Sometimes it even gets to *me*, and I'm in the business." 17



(continued from page 17)

wonderful toys our government has built and which may very well, any one of these days, blow us all into contaminated drifting ash.

The comic and scary possibilities resulting from this unmean union of kid and monsterweapon are rich indeed, and it is to *WarGames*'s credit that they are very satisfactorily explored by all concerned. The script by Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes is imaginative and funny; it knows it has to wrap up with a good moral lesson, and does. The direction by John Badham is ingenious, barreling along with gusto from one event to the other.

There are some weakish points in the thing. It is an oversight, and a serious one, that the main scientist (played very well by Dabney Coleman) who pushes through the decision to eliminate all human fail-safe controls from the launching of atomic weapons and puts the decision entirely into the, let us say, "hands" of the supercomputer, is never appropriately chastised or punished. This is particularly important, as the movie is directed to—and will be principally seen by—kids. If I recall aright, kids like to see adults in movies who have done stupid and evil things get it good in the neck.

Another not-so-strong point came as a great surprise to me. I've seen John Wood in a number of plays in widely varying roles, ranging from a Tom Stoppard comedy to an Ira Levin thriller to the title role, superbly done, of William Gillette's *Sherlock Holmes*, and he has been uniformly absolutely grand. When I saw he'd been cast as the brilliant scientist in *WarGames* I naturally assumed that it would be a piece of cake for him and that he'd be marvelous in the role. Not so. In Wood's defense, the script itself goes a little flaky in its handling of the tortured genius's motivations, and he is given lines and actions which strain believability, but then, so are other characters, here and there. The essential problem is you don't for a moment, or at least I didn't, believe that Wood knows beans about science or numbers or anything at all of that nature. He walks and talks and has the mannerisms of just what he is in day-to-day life: an actor, and one playing a part which he just hasn't



"... all the old friends troop out and say hello." Tony Perkins, reprising his role as Norman Bates, peers from the attic of his famous house in *Psycho II*.

got his teeth into, or even tried to get his teeth into. A very odd effect.

However, Wood shows up only briefly (if, sad to say, pivotally), and his peculiar performance fails to slow down the roisterous progress of the movie. Barry Corbin has a fine time playing a down-home type general who does the best he can in a war he never made. Ally Sheedy is good as young Broderick's girl, and the super-duper computer, nicknamed "Whopper" (for WOPR, War Operations Plan Response), is fine in every respect, from its sinister-looking machinery to its flamboyant graphics. I suppose if we must destroy ourselves, we should at least do it to the accompaniment of superior graphics.

Psycho II is a movie I have been looking forward to with some apprehension. I of course relished the original, counting it as one of the best sadistic movies ever made, and my only reservation about it at all is that it is said to be the favorite film of Henry Kissinger. Whatever, I was most fearful that *II* might prove, like *Jedi*, to be one of those sequels you'd rather not have seen, since you'll have to expunge it fairly thoroughly before being able to re-enjoy the original. Such, I am delighted to be able to report, is not the case.

Psycho II was obviously made by people who loved *I* dearly; the more you liked Norman the first time and the better you know the first account of his doings, the better you'll enjoy his return.

I think the biggest relief to me is

that they didn't try to make the thing a work of genius, which is what *Psycho* was, but only to make it an affectionate tribute to Sir Alfred's cinematic roller coaster. Putting it simply, *Psycho II* has the brains and sense of humor to understand and fully exploit its inferior position.

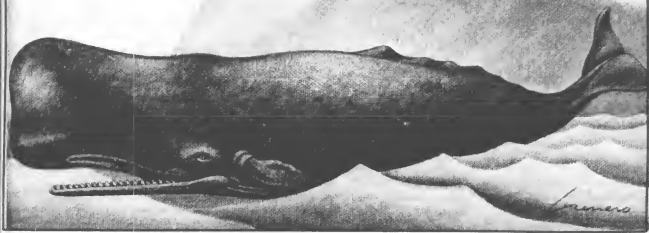
All that said, it must be pointed out that the movie, as a spooker and a shocker, functions very well on its own. The script by Tom Holland is one sneaky twist after another, shows an admirable ingenuity in escalating its grisly horrors, and does it all with proper Hitchcockian glee. The direction by Richard Franklin is also appropriately handled. The American gothic milieu so beloved in all its details by Hitchcock is treated equally well by Franklin, and he makes excellent use of such yankee doodle dandles as paper bags full of groceries, deep fat friers, and disposable plastic drug dispensers.

The *Grand Guignol* mood is continued, the violence in *II* is handled as gracefully as in the first film, and much loving use is made of the same sets and props. The awful knife makes its appearance early on and is never allowed to be far from our thoughts; the staircase once more sees a graceful spewing out of blood; the tea cannister—bless its flowers!—shows up again and again as an eloquent symbol of Norman Bates's peculiar brand of hospitality; and so on and so on. All the old friends troop out and say hello: the fruit cellar, the car-eating swamp, those horrible cast hands—they all missed you, and they're back.

Tony Perkins is, of course, swell. Good enough, in fact, to underline how very much *Psycho* owed to him: Robert Bloch's Norman is a permanent mystery classic, Hitchcock's filming of him was one of the Master's half-dozen best, but Norman just wouldn't be Norman without Tony. He has aged precisely the right way, is still obviously fit enough to murder scads more victims, and he hasn't lost that boyish charm to lure them in. So come one, come all, back to the Bates Motel and the dear old spooky house behind it. Have a good time, and be sure not to close your eyes in Vera Miles's key scene or you'll miss something really special.

Good eve-ning! 

She Sells Sea Shells



by **PAUL DARCY BOLES**

NO MAN IS AN ISLAND, THOUGH MALIFEE CAME CLOSE—
UNTIL HE MET THE WOMAN WHO SWAM WITH THE WHALES.

She was a quiet woman, the best kind. Up around the rocks nobody much goes in after Labor Day. But there she was, here into October, stroking in as if the water wasn't fit to chill a lobster. Naked, far as I could see, but for what looked like a shell necklace. Clean arms, with the shine of silver along them in the twilight and her legs scissoring nice and smooth, and no strain to it at all. A wonderful swimmer. Quiet, as I said.

She Sells Sea Shells

Sun was just going out of sight out at Bradford Point, hanging behind the old lighthouse and making it look like a black candle in the middle of the afterglow. It's a time when I always liked to be by myself on shore. The summer people—the "strap-hangers" we call them, and you can figure out why—are gone and the pines and the rocks just sort of turn into themselves again. The boards of the docks look bleaker and quieter. The ring of green weed around the dock pilings gets a gentle, lost light in the evening. Molly's Fish House down the line gets its slabby contented look back again. It seems to be about to fall into the sea but it never does. The smell of the water is stronger and like iodine around a scratch. Some places on the island you can stand still and hear a moose drinking from one of the creeks. It's a near-to-wintering time when the sun feels better than it will again all year.

When she got in under the shadow of the steepest rocks I said, "Evening," and heard her stand up in the shallows. Then she looked around and up at me, just her face showing in a little spotlight of last sun. It was a searching face, like a seal's, and smooth as brown stone under the water-shine. Her hair hung down to her backbone, wet and heavy and looking like dripping amber in that light. The eyes were the color of the periwinkles you see growing in some of the inland gardens where the wind doesn't reach enough to tear them out of the ground. They were wide and a little surprised to see me there. With her two hands she lifted the hair from her back and stroked the water off in a downflowing motion. Then she said, "It's darkening fast. Will you walk me back to my place?"

I nodded that I would. I guessed she trusted my looks. I didn't know her from Adam's off ox, but she didn't look like leftover summer people to me. They have a different shine, as if they're already on their way to somewhere else in their heads. She seemed as if she belonged. And she didn't look as though she fooled around with paint and canvas, bothering the lobstermen by sketching them or parking herself on the rocks and making a common buoy and some gulls come out like daubs. Or writing poems about the coastline and how the fog makes her think of her lost childhood. I waited while she dressed under the overhang of the rock. It was nearly good dark when she came around up the path. Her feet were bare and she walked like she swam, neat and quick. She carried a little old tote bag she'd kept her dress in. The dress was just any old wrapping.

We headed up the shoreline toward Molly's. With some people you have to make talk. You could wait for her to make it. After a while when she thought it was time to say something, in her own good pace, she said, "There are whales out past the Point."

By now it was dark along the sand and the water had a steadier sound as it lapped. The light at the Point was sweeping across out there, picking out pieces of the cove and then letting them go like a sliding eye. It touched the side of her face and let it go.

I said, "If you got that far out you're some navigator. That's about five nautical miles, where the whales hang out. Stand a good chance of letting yourself get caught in a tide rip."

The light came around again and this time when it touched her I could see she was smiling. "I don't mind a little tide. I've fought them before." She looked ahead to where the lights of Molly's were starting to show the outlines of the fishnet draped over the windows. "It's only when I come back that I get frightened. There are too many murderers on shore."

She happened to lean against me and I took her arm. It was cool as wet sand and lean and hard but round too, with the pump of blood I could feel under my fingertips.

I said, "I'm Jeb Malifee. Portygee on my mama's side and green apple saltwater on my old man's. They've both been gone awhile. I've got the little black shack you see crosswise from the Point. But you can't see it after dark or get there unless you know the path."

I waited for her to tell me something about where she sprang from. She took her time about that. Neither of us were in any chattering hurry.

"Marna," she said after a spell. She sort of walked around the name and caressed it like a woman will try a ribbon on for color and effect in a mirror. "Marna," she said again, as if she liked it all right. "I come from not far off."

I like anybody who doesn't care to tell too much about themselves. There's a decent mystery in that. She appeared and felt old enough to me to have been married and rid of whatever man had bogged her down and maybe even to have had kids. But they'd need to be little kids; she wasn't that old. I kept holding her arm and didn't mind it a whit. Neither did she. She gave off that clean smell of the salt that soaks into your pores and seems to touch your bones when you've been swimming a time.

I said, "I take supper at Molly's most evenings. Before I walk you home maybe you'd like to join me. The chowder's not bad, and she sets good greens."

We were inside the light that came out through the fishnet windows now. There were a couple of local cars, Bigbee's truck and such, parked in the yard. A first wind had come up and was shaking the yard grass some. I could see her eyes clearer. They were pretty close to mine. The Point light didn't reach us here because of the breakwater slabs. But it touched the slabs in its swing and made the

tip ends of her drying hair shine brighter when it passed over. I said, "I'd think you'd be sharp-set from swimming. I've got some handyman's pay in my pocket. My treat."

She said in a low voice, "Yes, I'm hungry."

I don't know how it happened then. But she swung in against me. And I took her shoulders and then I was covering her mouth up good. It was like tasting bright brine on a sunned morning when you're a kid. With a lot of heat at the center. It was like applejack too, with that rindy kick you get that wakes you up like blowing weather.

I held her close and then let her go. Just holding her arm again now. But it was different for both of us. We went on into Molly's. She was doing all the parlor serving herself, her summer waitresses gone back to school or wherever. She's a big woman with a front like a bosomy tree full of russets, and hair that goes springier every year she dyes it more. She took us to a window table where we could look out through the holes of the nets and see the grass pushing in the wind, and past that, her husband Jack's dory where it was left after he drowned. It was all clogged with sand up to the flat keel around the bow. She told me, "I'll need some shoring up soon, the timbers on the east wall, Jeb. Before real winter."

I said, "I'll bring my tool bag over tomorrow."

I lit the candle in its cup on the table. Marna gazed across at me, nodding when I asked if I could order. I ordered plenty of chowder and all the greens going and a side order of cod for both of us. The candle flame made her eyes turn up at the corners like a cat's. When Molly'd gone I said, "You don't have to fret about murder on the island. The only thing kills anybody is the water. Coming from around here you should know that."

She was listening, looking right at me. From over at his table Ed Bigbee and his boys let up some laughs. I figured they might be laughing at me for picking up a woman they didn't know and walking in here bold as cooters. I didn't care about that.

I lifted a salt shaker and laid it on its side like it was a man lying down. "Ten men in the last month of summer," I said. "Every one done in by the water. Jack Meliorot was the first." I nodded out to the bleaching dory. "Flat calm, but the dory came in without him. He wasn't a steady drunk. Just some tanking on weekends." I picked up the shaker and laid it down on its flank again. "All like that. Island people and people with God-sense about the water." I looked up. "So you can see what could happen to a one-woman swimmer without even a boat. Going way beyond the limit and finding whales."

Her eyes stayed so blue they hurt on mine.

"They come up dark as glory and then beside you," she said. "Their eyes looking at you and their

"They sing about the narrowness of the land and the tininess of men," she said of the whales. "About when the world changes and they'll walk on land again."

power shared with you. They smile in their bellies and roll like churches in a storm. They make me full of wonder and charged with joy."

She reached and touched my hand. It was like touching cool fire. "They were fishermen, trying to harpoon them. But they go deep, when they feel that. They speak in the deep. They sing about the narrowness of the land and the tininess of men. About what'll happen when the world changes and they walk on land again."

I kept her hand firm in mine. "Sure," I said. "The only trouble is they don't have thumbs. If they had thumbs like monkeys and could learn to walk they'd be pretty big beans. Nothing wrong with their brains. But it won't work if they're planning a take-over. Don't you know in the Writ where it says, 'There shall be no more sea?'"

She saw then I was laughing a little inside me without showing it. She pulled her hand out of mine like a fin going small and slipping the bight.

She stared at me with the eyes afire in the middle of the blue and then started to get up.

I said, "Sit down. I'm sorry. I won't talk so again. When you look like that I'd swear you can see in the dark."

She settled back. I took out my pipe and lit it. While I got it going she reached in a pocket of that wadded do-nothing dress and pulled out a shell. Not the kind you see washed in by the thousands, but gold-tipped with the whorls in it creamy and a perfect nacre moonlight on the outside. I figured it for one of those I'd seen in the necklace when she'd come swimming in. It caught the light and sent back a kind of light itself.

I said, "That's a different animal."

"From the floor of the sea," she said.

"Well, how?" I said. I blew a cloud. "You can't go that far down, you wouldn't be here. A suited diver can't make it five miles out. I'll show you cartographic soundings sometime, if you want."

She said, "The whales bring them for me."

I had sense enough to keep my lips tight.

"I sell them to a shop, a store in Boston. They sell to museums, collectors."

"That makes sense," I said.

She Sells Sea Shells

After a time her hand came back. I held it like it was a quiet child I'd saved from a beating.

Molly came with our orders. I'd been wondering if hunger for this woman meant hunger in the way of appetite for food. I needn't have worried about that. She ate with her head low and nothing before her but the eating. It should have been something you wanted to look away from, but it wasn't. Just like an animal with health in it, and that fierceness. It excited me some. She didn't need any of Molly's bibs. It all went down without a scrap left but the peeled cod bones.

When we got outside again in the dark, Bigbee's truck was just leaving with his boys and some bottles waving back, and the rest of the cars were gone. She'd put the valuable shell back in her tote bag. I put an arm around her and felt her lean into it. I said, "If you don't want to show me your place inside, you don't have to. No obligation. But give me a general idea which way it lies."

She'd put up a hand and she rubbed the hair at the nape of my neck. "It's past your shack, to leeward. Under the dune there, beside the inlet. It's not a house. It's a cave."

I said, "I know the place. I haven't been there in a time. Some of us island kids used to root around there summers, before we had to make ourselves a living. It will get cold as Billy B. Hell when the snows come."

She said, "I won't be there then. I'm moving in with you."

"So be it," I said. Her hand stayed in my nape hair while we walked on. We passed my shack, black clapboard with salt caked on the seaward boards and my own dory upended on tubs in the yard and my toolshed unlocked in case anybody wanted to borrow—whoever did would leave a note—and went right on to the dune. The inshore breeze was pestering the sea oats, making them lean like stiff wheat. The dune shoulder loomed up high and the tide was in and the surf starting to make. She let go of me and cut a little ahead. I followed her over the dune and down to where the cave is: an old granite deposit with walls like carved fleece. She hunkered down to go in, and for a minute it was dark, then she found a match and struck it to the binnacle lamp set on the cave floor. The wick widened with fire.

While she gathered shells, a good many of them, all strange and different, and stuffed them in a gunnysack on top of dried seaweed, I kept looking at the lamp. It was old as whaling days. Had worm holes in the elm strapping, thick wavy glass. I said, "Pete Chalarous had a lamp like this. Got it from his father, carried it in his dory. When Pete and his son washed up, the dory came in a day later. Nobody ever found the lamp."

Her back was turned. Her hair was dry as moss now. Shining like something fed by the half-dark. Falling deep to her shoulders when she faced me. "I found the dory afloat before it came in. I thought it had gone adrift. I took the lamp for my own."

"Nobody needs it," I said. "Pete's wife's gone to live with relatives at Bangor."

I helped her carry the lamp and the sack full of weed-cradled shells and her little bag. That was about all she seemed to have. Travel light and stay clam pure; it didn't seem to be a bad life, if lonesome. Maybe she knew what I was thinking. Because when we mounted the dune again, breeze at our backs and the surf talking, she said over her shoulders, "I send the money from the shells to a wildlife group. They're trying to save the whales."

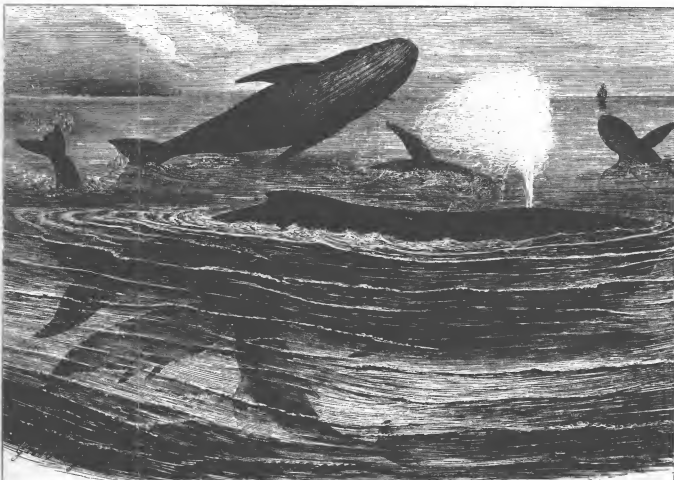
"Yes," I said. "Everybody's trying to save something."

At the shack I went in first to light the stove and lay some wood in the fireplace. That was all I usually needed to see by at night. She put her shells out where they could catch the light around the sill beams. When I had the pine and birch logs drawing I stood up and wheeled around and then just stood. She'd stripped her dress. She lifted her arms as if she might be going to dance or make a dive.

When I took her she arched back as if she didn't have any bones, making a singing noise in the back of her throat that seemed to get in my head and stay there. It stayed even after the first time, while we were just lying in the firelight. I had her head across my chest, her hair like a fine seine I could just see shadows through. It smelled of kelp and clean salt. The song kept on. I thought it must be coming from the whole body, not just the throat. The way a cat does from the inside out. With one hand I spread the hair back from her ears, and ran a finger down an earlobe and along in back of the cord of the throat there, but she rolled over and crouched and spread herself above me, and I forgot about anything else.

By morning the half-easterly had blown itself out, and while I made coffee and fried bacon and dipped bread in egg batter I said, "I'll be at Molly's about till noon. Then I've got to go to Abel Master-son's, he needs some plastering. His store's next to the P.O. If you've got some shells to ship you could do them up now and I'll post them."

She was combing her hair with an old ivory-toothed comb that had been my grandmother's. Malifees hardly ever throw away anything. Her hair was like a burl walnut gun-stock when you've rubbed it with the heel of your hand about a cen-



tury. She shook her head. "I want to gather a few more before I send what I have. There aren't many good days for it left this year."

I couldn't argue with that. She was so set in her mind she'd have made a good selectman. But I told her not to try that five-mile jaunt again. "The weather stations do what they can. But a squall line can come up so fast it's around you before you can see it's there."

She looked at me like she knew more than generations of seagoing Malifees had ever fathomed. She said, soft, "You are a good man. Born here among the cruel men in this place."

When I left with my tool bag and the plastering gear, she waved till I was past the blueberry brambles. Then I couldn't see her any longer, though she stayed in my mind all morning, while I shored Molly's and went on to middle-island where the stores were and where people like Abel Masterson were breathing slower after the summer rush. The usual bunch of old islanders were gathered like numbers circling a clock dial around the octagon bench under the maple in front of Abel's place, cutting up their neighbors and gently spitting.

I was working on Abel's entrance wall, with the door open, when Ed Bigbee's truck roared up and his big-bellied self and his sons poured out.

I suppose as I listened to him—you could hear him half the block—he was what she meant by a cruel man. He wasn't that, though. Just crafty and stupid, the usual mix. I knew he'd wanted to get

those whales for a long time, and now here it was; he and some of his buddies were grabbing the full advantage of no outlanders being left on the island, no ecology and wildlife champions. I stepped to the door in time to hear him boom it out: "We got her all rented and set for morning, boys! Cutter like a Coast Guard's, with a sharper bow. This crew knows what they're doing, and they'll split the meat with us. All we do is pay for the time and trouble. Hell, they done it before, plenty of times—maybe a ton of equipment on board with these depth-propelled harpoons like a torpedo. Sneak up on Mister Leviathan and jab him in the giblets."

Bailee Bigbee, Ed's oldest son, caught my eye. His own glistened. "You comin', Jeb? We're just trustin' people from here who can keep their mouths shut. This ever got out, those fancy straphangers'd nail us to the wall. All we got to do is go out to meet 'em and watch the fun. They ain't even coming in the cove. Just cruising straight to the feeding grounds."

"Yeah, join us, Jeb," Ed said. "We're goin' in my dory. Give you a whaleburger later. Save you puttin' your own dory back in the water."

I said something that made no promises. Then I finished up the plastering, ate half a lead-heavy egg sandwich at the drugstore, and walked by myself through reams of Indian summer light to the rocks. I took my shirt off there and stretched out. With the sun on my eyelids I thought about Marna, if that was her name, and I didn't care if it was or wasn't. I

She Sells Sea Shells

thought about her claim that the whales brought up special seashells for her. I thought about the high average of people who'd been drowned when they'd bothered those whales this past year, too. When I dropped off to sleep I had a drowning dream—which happens sometimes if you're island-born and have seen enough men washed in.

I woke up at dusk, the rock under me cooling.

At first I didn't see her coming in. It could have been a sleek piece of driftwood. Then just as the Bradford Point light came on I could make out her arms and legs slicing along, no tiredness in them. When she reached the shallows and waded in I could see three new shells, the strange kind, draped around her neck on a rope of what looked like seaweed. They showed like odd diamonds under and across her breasts.

I went down off the rocks and took her free hand and walked her into the rock chink where she'd left her dress and bag. She took off the shells and stood back and shook herself, then slid into the dress, and I didn't say a word. I didn't want to break the spell she held around her. Then she moved to me, still wet, the dress sponging, and when I kissed her I thought I'd go on keeping quiet.

She clung close on the way back to the shack. As if the sand and trees and rocks happened to be alien and the shadows threats. When we passed Molly's windows I could see Ed Bigbee's jutting head as he tipped a beer toward somebody and explained how smart he was to revive the sport and business of whale-killing in this Year of our Lord.

In the shack you could see the fog creeping up outside. And feel it. You could almost taste it. Our lovemaking was so fierce it was like hitting each other, or being in a nor'easter, and behind her eyes I could see the faces of all the men I'd known who'd been lost in the deep. The Davy Jones men. They were all there, from this past summer and way back, my relatives among them.

About midnight I got up and went outside. The fog was a pea-souper. By the time I had my dory off the tubs and on rollers and to the inlet creek my hair and pants were soaked. It wasn't an ice chill but it was winter waiting. Inside, I rubbed down and folded myself beside her. I could hear that secret singing of hers. I could feel it through my hands like a harp.

In the morning the fog was still there, hanging on but starting to lift a little. Which it would do when the sun played through. I didn't make breakfast, just told her, "Take me where the whales are."

She fixed my eyes with hers a second, and nodded. Then we had the dory worked out in the cove. The sun started coming through when we hit

the open water. I could hear others setting off behind us now. A lot of happy shouting with that shut-in sound it gets across water. There were soft swells now and where the light patched the patches were blue as a robin's egg. I started my dory engine and gave her the gun. Marna stooped at my shoulder and guided my hand on the engine tiller for direction. It was warming now with the sun as far as you could look and the last fog wisps traveling up into the sky. Now and then when I looked back I could see just the specks of other island-craft coming, and I hoped to God my engine would hold out and not blow from all I was giving it. I kept squinting back through the spray. Then she said, calling above the engine's racket, "Here." I cut the engine and we wallowed ahead a few seconds and then were alone in near silence. Except for the lap of water on the strake-boards.

When I held to the gunwale with my knuckles going white and looked down I could see the first of the whales. It was a gray blue shape far below, coming up through brightening layers of light, getting so big you felt when it broke the surface it would shut out the world. Around it in its upward passage silver green fire flew. Behind it came eight more, all the same, all rising and looking up to Marna who'd cast off her dress and stood in the bow. Then the first one checked just under the dory. It made a curving wave that rippled the dory-length and seemed to hold it like a chip on a bubble. They were all just a few feet under and around us now, not sounding, just waiting, in wonderful islands with their darkness solid and glistening and their tiny port-wine-colored eyes holding the sun. The understanding was what reached upward, more important than the size. One rolled a little to see Marna better. Weed wrapped its flanks like a green lace shawl. Marna was calling now, and they were answering. The noises were high and clean above the water. Below, they must have been heard for fathoms.

I raised my head when Marna pointed. I saw the hired whaleboat coming directly over us. It had a high flat bow with a knife-shaped pitch, and behind it, off in the blaze of daylight, lighter craft were bobbing like waterbugs against the blue. Its hull was battleship gray, and guns were bearing down on us from the foredeck. Its rigging cut the sun in tight black lines.

Marna dived. She curved into the water beside the nearest whale, her arm caressing it as she came up, her flesh and the whale's looking like one easy body, then she held to the gunwale and kissed me, lips salt and cool and eyes wild as a hawk's and sad as Time. "Goodbye. If you tools of men would accept and keep what you have, it would be enough!" Her hair was swept back. I could see the gill on that side of her throat, a pale rose color, still

Marna curved into the water beside the nearest whale, her arm caressing it as she came up, her flesh and the whale's looking like one easy body.

pulsing as it had done underwater.

Every part of me wanted to dive with her. But she was gone again so quick I couldn't follow. Sinking with bubbles trailing her and her legs moving like a single fin, then getting small as the whales went down with her. All the whales behind her made one deep sweep as if led by her command. Then they were gone from that place and from all land.

After that I had to hang to a thwart to keep from going over while the blue-cold steel skin of the whaler passed so close the wash came creaming and tumbling into the dory and tried to suck me with it. Then I was half swamped and bailing with an old bucket. Somebody, one of the friendly island sportsmen—I was gagging too much to tell who—was hauling me into another dory then and cussing me for fifty kinds of fool. Telling me the Goddamned whales were gone and saying maybe I'd been the one to spook them. I didn't care much if he threw me overboard. It seemed kind of silly to still be breathing.

But maybe, I told myself afterward when I got calmer, I ought to stay around to tell something about those shells she'd left behind.

There were a good many chancy stories about that morning. Ed Bigbee stayed so plagued and mad he wouldn't talk to me—kind of a wonderful relief—for two months, not until he knocked a hole in his living room floor trying to shoot a deer from his window and needed a good reasonable repairman to carpenter it. There were a lot of tales about whales having naturally vengeful natures, some saying they'd seen the lead mammal swallow the girl. I made "ee-yah" noises to that, it being the safest sort of sound to make around foolishness.

When all the to-do was dead and it was cold winter, with people dragging out the family pung for a turn around the back roads, and ice on Cherry Pond, I went down to the P.O. to call on Miss Orvington, who's held the postmistressing job forever, and asked her about a box a woman named Marna might've taken out some time back.

Miss Orvington fiddled with her stacks of paper—she has records of when Vice President Dawes, who sort of assisted Coolidge, summered here and took a box in the twenties—and came up with a slip for paid box rent. Signed, Marna something. Paid in U.S. cash. So I put a few more questions, knowing Miss Orvington's feeling for detail, and got out of her that Marna had sent boxes to this shop in Boston, and received checks from them for the contents of same. And I got from Miss Orvington the adjacent news that Marna—"same woman, a dress you wouldn't give an orphans' rummage sale"—had sent money orders to the Save the Sea Mammals Society, in Delaware. Then I plodded home and made up a seaweed-packed box of the shells and sent them along to Boston, and when I got their check sent it along to the Society.

I felt better after, but only a little. Still had the megrims, which hard work doesn't cure any more than not working does, and didn't feel kindly disposed to anybody. The straphangers came down in force in the summer, like blackflies with spending money. We all lived through that, and when they were gone counted our blessings and their money. Then the good days came. October with that autumn nut kindness, a time of opening up, of hoping.

I was leaning on the rocks in the evening looking across to the Bradford Point light when Bailee Bigbee came up behind and leaned into my pipe smoke. He said, "The whales come back, but they didn't linger. Me and Papa was trawling last night and seen 'em. Gone now though. Swam off most while we watched."

"Shows their basic common sense," I said.

"That ain't all. Somebody left a package on your shack doorstep."

I thought with the way luck had run all year it would be a stack of summonses for city jury duty and such. But it wasn't. When I opened the basket and peeled back the blue cover, here was this spit-and-image of her, with a dash of me around the nose. About three months old and a hale specimen. Bawling his head off, but when I took him over to Molly's she knew what to do and instructed me in the essentials, and warmed up milk and so forth.

Time being, I keep these knitted hats snugged tight around his head. And he plays with the handsome exotic shell he brought with him—it was lying on his naked chest when I first saw him—but he has plenty of other toys for when he outgrows it. His hair's starting to come out fine, thick as a raccoon's. When it's long enough it will cover the gills, and then we'll throw away the hats. The gills are interesting but nothing you could explain to a preacher at baptizing time.

Merman Malifee's not a bad name. It has a kind of quiet ring to it. 17

IN AND OUT OF

THE OUTER LIMITS

PART ONE
by David J. Schow

LIKE *THE TWILIGHT ZONE*, IT HAD A MORAL VISION.
BUT IT ALSO HAD PLENTY OF ALIENS AND MONSTERS!

The easiest approach to *The Outer Limits*—its place in television history, and its impact in the media—would be to dismiss it as most genre reference books traditionally have, to wit:

Perhaps the best work in this video vein was done by producer Gene Roddenberry, whose science fiction anthology series *The Outer Limits* enjoyed a respectable run in the early sixties. It was perhaps noteworthy for the variety of outlandish creatures from outer space who paraded through its episodes.*

Perhaps noteworthy? *Respectable* run? And Gene Roddenberry? (*Star Trek*'s creator never had anything to do with *The Outer Limits*.)

To be fair, John Baxter devoted

four pages of copy to the show in his book *Science Fiction in the Cinema*, and his critique was quite complimentary. His facts on the series, however, were as cockeyed as the comments above.

The Outer Limits shares with *The Twilight Zone* an intense, continuous popularity that keeps it on the air, via syndication, nearly twenty years after its official network cancellation. Both programs have gained the kind of immortality Joseph Heller achieved when he coined the term *Catch-22*—a permanent place in the contemporary idiom, even though neither phrase actually originated with the tv shows. (For example, the radio science fiction series *Dimension X* broadcast an episode entitled "Outer Limit" in 1950.) To go to the "outer limits" means to go *all the way*, to something's farthest extreme, and the phrase has been employed on documentaries (*Journey to the Outer Limits*, a PBS special); on the cover of

Time (for a piece on The Who entitled "Rock's Outer Limits"); in sports ("Ski The Outer Limits," as covered in *American Cinematographer*); in other publications (both *Locus* and *Los Angeles* magazine feature potpourri sections called "The Outer Limits"); and even in the fiction published in *Twilight Zone*—Hal Hill's "Chameleon Junction" and Mick Farren's "The Great Elvis Presley Look-Alike Murder Mystery." Horror makeup expert Tom Savini was recently quoted in the *Los Angeles Times* as noting that his field "has reached the outer limits" of gore, and Tom Wolfe uses the phrase repeatedly in his bestseller *The Right Stuff*. If there is a *Twilight Zone*, it probably has an outer limit.

Both programs were black-and-white anthology shows dealing in horror, sf, and fantasy, but *Outer Limits*'s most important similarity to its half-hour predecessor was that it, too, was blessed with extraordinarily innovative

*From *Living in Fear: A History of Horror in the Mass Media*, by Les Daniels (Scribner's, 1975), p. 229. The excerpt given is Mr. Daniels's complete overview of the show.

"There is nothing wrong with your television set. Do not attempt to adjust the picture. We are controlling transmission. If we wish to make it louder, we will bring up the volume. If we wish to make it softer, we will tune it to a whisper. We will control the horizontal. We will control the vertical. We can roll the image; make it flutter. We can change the focus to a soft blur, or sharpen it to crystal clarity. For the next hour, sit quietly, and we will control all that you see and hear. We repeat: There is nothing wrong with your television set. You are about to participate in a great adventure. You are about to experience the awe and mystery which reaches from the inner mind to
THE OUTER LIMITS."

creators—people in key production positions who were writers foremost. What Rod Serling was to *The Twilight Zone*, Leslie Stevens and Joseph Stefano were to *The Outer Limits*. And sad to say, neither show could be produced successfully for television today.

Fundamentally, beyond the basic appeal of their subject matter, *Outer Limits* and *Twilight Zone* achieved popularity because they ran contrary to tv's entropic flow of dullness. The anthology format—now held in dread by the "continuing character" orientation of the networks—lent itself uncommonly well to unique and groundbreaking treatments of genre material. Besides being *first* (by introducing to tv themes so basic they have since become clichés), both shows have the more important testimonial of artistic success. As with any experimental departure from formula programming, both shows faltered occasionally and vacillate wildly from episode to episode. They were generally received as alien elements in the monochrome landscape of commercial tv.

For the casual viewer, the hallmarks of *The Outer Limits* are the distinctive Control Voice opening (quoted

in full above) and a few of the program's more well-remembered monsters—the shimmering, mouthless Andromedan yanked unceremoniously to Earth by Cliff Robertson's radio rig in "The Galaxy Being"; the antlike extraterrestrial bad boys (with malicious little human faces) who were "The Zanti Misfits"; or David McCallum as the bulging-forebrained, pointy-eared super-intellect of the future in "The Sixth Finger."

Even to that casual viewer, this was obviously not the *Guns* smoke norm.

"Basically, I'm a writer," said Leslie Stevens, "and I became a director to protect the writer, and I became a producer to protect both of them, and a company owner to protect them all."

The company was Daystar Productions, formed by Stevens as "Hollywood's First Free-Independent" (quoth the original *Variety* blurb) by virtue of the fact that Daystar had no studio facilities. To cut overhead, it rented space on a day-to-day basis from Revue, Twentieth Century-Fox, and even *Twilight Zone's* alma mater, MGM. Interiors were filmed at KTTV,

Los Angeles's Channel 11. "Daystar was formed to make features," Stevens said. "But we found that each time we did a film, we'd lose the whole crew and have to start over again. We went into tv to hold onto the same group of reliable artists."

Stevens himself wrote Arthur Penn's first film, *The Left-handed Gun*, for \$50,000 in 1958, following a string of successes on and off Broadway (*Bullfight*, his first play, was followed by *The Lovers*, *The Champagne Complex*, and *Marriage-Go-Round*). After *Private Property* (1959), Twentieth Century-Fox invited him to produce a feature version of *Marriage-Go-Round* (1960), starring James Mason, Susan Hayward, and Julie Newmar. Between films he scripted various episodes of *Kraft Theatre* and *Playhouse 90*. In 1961 came Daystar's first series, *Stoney Burke*, a Western starring Jack Lord, for which Stevens wrote eight scripts ("and rewrote most of the others"). It was at this point that he formulated the basis for a science fiction show.

Thanks to Jeffrey Scott Frentzen for his indispensable help in researching this article.



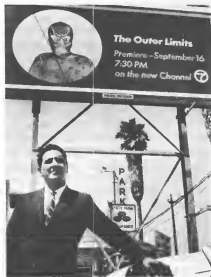
Above, left to right: "The Sixth Finger," "The Galaxy Being" (note suit has been painted silver for publicity photography), the mangled clay head of William Lyons Selby from "Hundred Days of the Dragon" (on pedestal), a Luminoid from "A Feasibility Study," Ichthyosaurus Mercurius from "Tourist Attraction," and Chill Charlie, an electric ice-ghost sculpture created by Wah Chang and Byron Haskin for "The Human Factor"—but never used. Below: Joseph Stefano poses beneath a Sunset Boulevard billboard for the network premiere of *The Outer Limits*.

"The very origin of *The Outer Limits* was a conversation between myself and Daniel Melnick," said Stevens. "I had a notion to tie in with 'the awe and mystery of the universe'; Melnick stressed that the concept had to be expressed in exhibitor's terms, and said 'okay' to anything as long as the monsters were there to sell the show." (Melnick, then a packager/promoter, went on to executive-produce *Altered States*, a film uncannily like a feature-length, R-rated *Outer Limits* episode.)

In 1962, the year CBS first ousted *Twilight Zone* (it was shortly to return for a "fourth season" of thirteen episodes in a one-hour format), rival network ABC gave the green light to Stevens' proposed series. It ran thus:

Allan Maxwell, a cottage-industry

scientist, constructs a high-powered transceiving device as an adjunct to his commercial radio broadcasting station, and finds himself in contact with an alien who is doing essentially the same thing, billions of miles away. An accident causes teleportation of the alien to Earth, where it looks for Allan to help it, its nitrogen-based, super-radioactive form causing conventional monster-movie havoc before the National Guard shows up to obliterate it. Allan's wife is wounded by a trigger-happy soldier; the alien, holed up with Allan in the station, cauterizes her wound, saving her life. Through Allan's translating device, it denounces the soldiers for acting out of fear and panic, then it disintegrates the huge radio tower in a show of superior force. Aware that it will be destroyed by its own race (for



violation of a law forbidding extraterrestrial contact), the alien "tunes" itself out of existence by damping Allan's transmitter power. It does not die; rather, it leaves Allan with the knowledge of an existence beyond mere physical death.

Please Stand By echoed the best of the 1950s sf films, *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, and typified Stevens's approach to the genre: his hook was technological gadgetry, the plot was speculative and fantastic, the jargon was at least credible ("Death is a property of carbon cycle in three dimensions," explains the alien, meaning life on earth), and the position taken was that science demanded the same leery respect that a mariner accords the ocean—both having tenuously balanced, equal potential for benefit and danger.

"As we came down to the wire on *Please Stand By*, I called Joe Stefano and asked him if he wanted to produce," said Stevens. "We were a day

or two from actual production when he started. I couldn't produce as well as direct and write." Stevens had already finished another pilot, *John Striker*, and was scripting three more: *Mr. Kingston* (with Peter Graves and Walter Pidgeon), *The Weapons Man* (with J.D. Cannon), and *Border Patrol* (with William Smith). He also completed another film in 1962, *Hero's Island*.

In his salad days in Greenwich Village, Stevens had cowritten musical comedy with Joseph Stefano, a song-and-dance man who later moved on to teleplay writing. His first tv script was bought outright by Twentieth Century-Fox as a theatrical vehicle for Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, *The Black Orchid*, in 1958, the same year as Stevens's first feature work. Stefano's *Playhouse 90* segment, "Made in Japan," won the prestigious Robert E. Sherwood Award, and in short order he completed three scripts for *The De-*



Photo by Gene Trind

Above: Joseph Stefano (seated) and Leslie Stevens at KTV in 1964. Below: The expansive set from Stevens's "The Borderland."

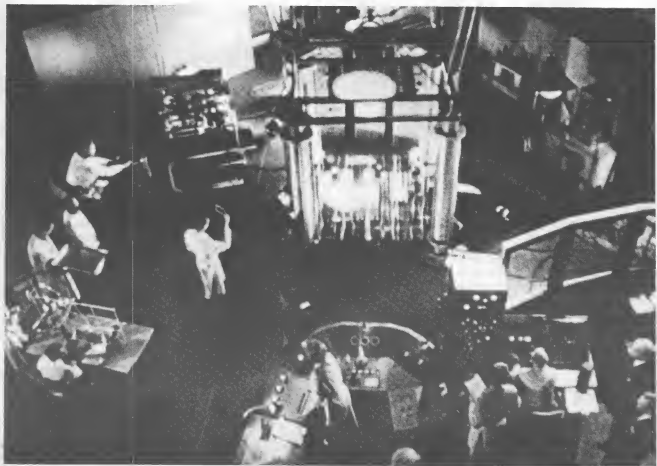


Photo courtesy United Artists

tectives, two for GE Theatre, and others for Ford Startime, *Saints & Sinners*, and *The Lloyd Bridges Show*. In 1960 he wrote an Italian comedy, *Fast and Sexy*, and was chosen by Alfred Hitchcock to script Robert Bloch's *Psycho* on the basis of a twenty-minute interview set up by Hitch's MCA agents at Paramount. After *Psycho* (1960), Stefano did the original treatment for Hitchcock's next proposed film, *Marnie*—the version that was to have starred Grace Kelly—and a partial screenplay drawn from the Winston Graham novel. He also wrote Gary Cooper's last film, *The Naked Edge* (1961).

"I never quite cared for science fiction at the time of *The Outer Limits*," said Stefano. "I like—the use I made of science fiction. I saw an opportunity to do an anthological series

where I would have a great deal of control over my material." Stefano was responsible for the moody, atmospheric identity the program eventually developed, the dark film noir look that was the visual aesthetic of *The Outer Limits*. He wrote many of its better episodes, cultivated others to conform to his vision, and participated heavily in postproduction phases like editing. He often put in twenty-hour workdays at KTTV.

"Stefano was not what you'd call 'true sf,'" said Stevens. "He was more in Hitchcock's league. Science would be esoteric to him the way his fantasy worlds are esoteric to me. There is a smattering of sf in Joe's work, but there is always an emphasis on magnificent, gothic extravaganzas."

ABC judged both approaches to be too far out. But Stefano exploited the anthology concept even further by experimenting and taking chances on writers whose scripts were "different from what I was into, but just as good."

"This recalls the assertion of Rod Serling (another Playhouse 90 alumnus) that in *Twilight Zone*, 'Things that couldn't be said by a Republican or a Democrat could be said by a Martian.'"

Among the adjustments ABC requested for *Please Stand By* was the addition of a continuing, Serlinglike host to address the viewers. Stevens elected to make his "host" an ethereal, off-camera Control Voice, and chose character actor Vic Perrin (who can be seen in the *Twilight Zone* episode "People Are Alike All Over") to intone teasers and tags for most episodes: "In dreams, some of us walk the stars. In dreams, some of us ride the whelming brine of space, where every port is a shining one, and none are beyond our reach. Some of us, in dreams, cannot reach beyond the walls of our own little sleep." Stefano supplied these moralistic little speeches for most of the first season's shows, noting, "I was able to editorialize, have messages,

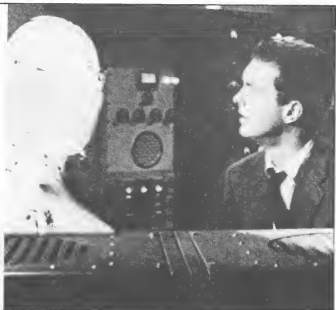
as long as it didn't come out of a character's mouth, which I hate."

A great deal of viewer identification regarding *The Outer Limits* is tied up, to this day, in Perrin's weekly recitation of *There is nothing wrong with your television set*. (The complete Control Voice speech quoted at the start of this article was heard in only the first four episodes, before it was pruned down to the shorter versions heard throughout the first and second seasons.) "The interesting thing about florid writing," says Perrin, "is, if you do it flat rather than trying to be Shakespearean, you can get away with it. I thought it should be direct, flat, not commanding or ominous, but authoritative." Perrin also makes uncredited appearances as a background extra in several episodes: "They threw those at me if I happened to be standing around on the set." He still secures announcing work with his *Outer Limits* credit.

Next for the pilot came a new title; the Control Voice's apparent takeover

Janos Prohaska, fully sulted up as the Thetan from "Architects of Fear."





(A) The Galaxy Being-effect utilized a dark scuba suit modified to hold a small oxygen tank against the chest. The suit was smeared with glycerin and shot under high-intensity lights, then negative-reversed. In group shots, therefore, the Being had to be optically superimposed, as in (B) with Cliff Robertson in the lab, or (C) with the wounded Jacqueline Scott. No such setups were needed for closeups or in scenes where the white shimmer could be attributed to the Being's radioactivity, as in (D) in an antique shop, or (E) on the screen of the 3-D transceiver. (F) Robertson's 3-D transceiver setup.



of the home viewer's set, combined with the legend *Please Stand By*, was judged too evocative of an actual emergency alert. (Remember, this was less than a year after the Bay of Pigs crisis.) Of *Beyond Control*, the interim series title under which he completed his first scripts, Stefano said, "Nobody was really happy with that." Stevens hit upon *The Outer Limits*, and the pilot was retitled "The Galaxy Being," kicking off a season and a half (forty-nine episodes, in those halcyon days) of what Stephen King, in *Danse Macabre*, has called "the best program of its type ever to run on network tv."

Outer Limits was a classic television misfit. ABC had it categorized as a show of pyrotechnics—spaceships, plant creatures, intergalactic invaders—addressing an unsophisticated, mostly juvenile audience. Many of the first episodes completed for the program involved well-worn sci-fi gimmicks, since during this early period Stefano was finding his production sea legs, under the pressure of turning out a finished episode every six days.*

"The Human Factor," for example, was the time-worn story of a brain swap between a psychoanalyst and a psychotic. "Specimen: Unknown" concerned itself with an invasion by lethal, rapidly sporulating alien flowers. "Tourist Attraction," a melodrama about prehistoric lizard-fish versus a banana republic, was ambitious beyond the capacities of the fledgling series—it was both the season's most expensive show and *Outer Limits*'s most forgettable episode. "The Borderland," Stevens' follow-up to the pilot, also ran over budget, tallying an outrageous special-effects bill (for visuals involving scientists' attempts to contact an otherdimensional "afterlife").

Outer Limits was in logistical trouble from shooting day one, and to remedy the mounting problems Stevens brought in veteran genre director Byron Haskin (*War of the Worlds*). An adept at trick photography since the 1930s, Haskin served as the series' unofficial special-effects consultant and directed the first two episodes to follow the January 16, 1963, premiere of "Galaxy Being."

The first of these, "The Hundred

Days of the Dragon," involved Chinese agents in a Presidential assassination/substitution plot, courtesy of a shape-changing drug that allowed the instant alteration of facial features. Stefano commissioned the story, a first script, from *Mission: Impossible* maven Allan Balter, who cowrote it with Robert Mintz, summing his premise up this way: "Suppose you could change people's faces. Whose face would you change?" Stefano adds, "Political science fiction was no longer a fantasy after November 22, 1963—and that show predated it by a few months." The tv voice heard giving election returns in the episode is Stevens's own cameo.

Next for Haskin was "Architects of Fear," featuring a solid script by Meyer Dolinsky (who, as "Mike" Dolinsky, wrote the novel *Mind One* in 1972), the visceral acting of Robert Culp, and one of *Outer Limits*'s most popular monster effects—an eight-foot-tall inhabitant of the planet Theta, surgically cobbled together on Earth (using Culp as raw material) as a "scarecrow" to frighten warring nations into unification against a common alien enemy.

Inside the complex Thetan suit was stuntman Janos Prohaska, standing over a foot off the ground on backward-canted stilts to achieve the illusion of birdlike leg structure. The taloned arms, reaching nearly to the ground, were operated by cable

waldos. Pressure from a network of air cylinders provided eyelid movement on the oversized mask, as well as pulsating blood vessels on domed forehead and respiration of the bellows-mouth. Prohaska's vision was limited to what he could see out of the Thetan's "nose."

After making *The Outer Limits* fly, Stevens's involvement ran mostly to the business/Daystar end of the project. Though his name is found only on four episodes in the capacity of writer/director, his creative input influenced other episodes as well (much like Haskin's uncredited participation). "I became very much a part of 'The Man with the Power,' for example," said Stevens, who originated the idea of an energy flux—"the cosmic substance of the universe"—that is focused and directed like a force-beam by a meek college professor. "A simple little nobody who gains power over the whole world," was Stevens's premise.

This energy flux was reprised in Stefano's "It Crawled Out of the Woodwork" as a voracious monster of almost Lovecraftian proportions, illustrating the difference between his approach and Stevens's. Now established in his newfound role as producer, and with the series pilot successfully out of the way, Stefano's uniquely impressionistic concept of *The Outer Limits* was about to come to memorable fruition. 17

Next: Stefano and Season One

"We now return control of your television set to you, until next week at this same time, when the Control Voice will take you to THE OUTER LIMITS."

*The leap-frogged production schedule allowed two weeks for "development" (everything from script revisions to preproduction building), one six-day "week" for actual shooting, and one week for editing, dubbing, and incidentals.



It's a Good Life by Rod Serling

THE ORIGINAL
TELEVISION SCRIPT
FIRST AIRED ON CBS-TV
NOVEMBER 3, 1961

CAST

Anthony Fremont	Billy Mumy
Mr. Fremont	John Larch
Mrs. Fremont	Cloris Leachman
Aunt Amy	Alice Frost
Dan Hollis	Don Keefer
Ethel Hollis	Jeanne Bates
Pat Riley	Casey Adams
Bill Soames	Tom Hatcher
Thelma Dunn	Lenore Kingston

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1. STANDARD ROAD OPENING

With vehicle smashing into letters, propulsion into starry night, then PAN DOWN TO OPENING SHOT OF PLAY.

2. PANORAMIC SHOT OF OHIO COUNTRYSIDE STOCK SHOT

Favoring several small, attractive farmhouses, and off in the distance, the small, typical country town. There are wheat fields that shine golden in the sunlight, and off in the distance, in one of these fields, a farmer, using horses, plows up a section of the acreage. The sense of this whole scene in its preliminary is that of an almost idyllic, ageless beauty and repose.

3. DIFFERENT ANGLE LOOKING DOWN A COUNTRY ROAD

From the point of view of the front porch of the Fremont house. Playing on the front steps is a six-year-old child. This is Anthony and he is the story. But at the moment we get only an indefinite view of him, and to all intent and purpose he is simply an ordinary six-year-old boy. Down the road we see a bicycle approach with a big basket strapped in front, carrying groceries. Bill Soames pedals it toward the Fremont

house. Over this moving shot of the bicycle, we hear Serling's voice.

SERLING'S VOICE

This is Peaksville, Ohio, on a hot July afternoon . . .

At this moment an old woman, Aunt Amy, comes out onto the front porch and sits down, rocking herself slowly back and forth, fanning herself with an old, dilapidated fan.

SERLING'S VOICE

At a first, perfunctory glance and on the surface, you may think that this is a town like all towns. And that little boy over there, Anthony by name, appears to be like any little boy.

We WHIP PAN OVER TO SERLING who stands near the porch.

SERLING

But actually none of you have ever seen Peaksville, Ohio. It's a place not to be found on a map. And those fields of grain and wheat and barley that you've seen growing—that isn't

the only crop. Something else grows in Peaksville, and for want of a better term, we're forced to call it simply ... horror. But let Anthony's father tell you about it. Everybody calls him just "Dad" Fremont. We'll let him tell the story. And we'll let him describe the horror.

WHIP PAN OVER TO DAD FREMONT working in one of the fields. He's a tall, granite-faced, weather-beaten man in his fifties. He turns from hoeing and faces the camera, wipes the perspiration off his face.

DAD FREMONT

That's right ... I'm Dad Fremont. I'm Anthony's father.

(he shakes his head)

Don't ask me how we got that boy. Or to explain why is the way he is. He just got born one June six years ago and old Doc Baker—God rest him—look a look at him, screamed, dropped him and tried to kill him. Anthony, my ... my son had whined, then let out a cry ... and then ... then he done this thing.

(he looks away for a moment)

It's hard to explain. Real hard to explain what this thing is, but ... but it appears that Anthony destroyed the world and left only this village in it, or he'd taken the village someplace away from everything. We don't know exactly which. All we do know is that we're alone and there aren't any towns or villages or anything else left except this place. And Anthony ... he controls it with his mind. He controls everything. That's right, that ... that little six-year-old boy on the porch over there. He can send people into a grave. Or he can turn them into a walking horror ... anything he wants.

(then very thoughtfully)

That's right. Anything he wants. He just turns his mind against you and ...

(he makes a tired gesture of resignation and accustomed horror)

So that's why when you walk down the street of the village or go past the house or any place

... simply any place where Anthony might be ... you got to keep smiling or laughing or you got to mumble something to keep your mind clear. Because Anthony ... Anthony can tell what you're thinkin', and if it's a bad thought ... if it's a bad thought ...

(the CAMERA MOVES IN for a much tighter shot of Dad Fremont as the face is suddenly a sunburned mask of bare, unadulterated, naked fear)

Anthony's mind will snap at you and he'll do most anything. Most anything at all.

CUT TO:

4. LONG SHOT LOOKING TOWARD FARMHOUSE

Where Aunt Amy rocks on the porch and the little boy sits a few feet away on the steps.

DAD'S VOICE

Like with Aunt Amy sittin' on the porch there. She had more control over Anthony than almost anybody. Certainly more than me and his mother, but one day last winter she got angry at him and for just one instant ... that's all it took ... just one instant ... she forgot what he could do and she yelled at him.

CUT TO:

5. CLOSER ANGLE AUNT MAY

Who sits there rocking with dull, listless, almost insane eyes.

DAD'S VOICE

So Anthony ... Anthony ... he just looked up at her and he ... he turned her into what she is now. Just a smiling, vacant thing. And she was so pretty once, too, and so bright. But when Anthony's mind snapped at her—that was the end of Aunt Amy's bright eyes, and it was the end of Amy Fremont as everyone had known her.

CUT TO:

6. DIFFERENT SHOT BILL SOAMES

As he pedals up to the front porch and gets off the bike.

DAD'S VOICE

And that's why ... that's why everyone smiles around Anthony now. Because you can't take the risk of making the little boy angry. You just can't take that risk ...

7. MOVING SHOT BILL SOAMES

Carrying the groceries toward the house. We see in his face a nightmarish fear that is beyond the telling. He forces a smile that is grotesque in every aspect as he walks over toward the little boy.

BILL

Howdy, Anthony. Mighty good to see you today. Mighty good. And it's such a good day. A real good day, isn't it, Anthony?

8. CLOSE SHOT LITTLE BOY

The first close shot we've had of him. On the surface it is a little boy's face, smudged with dirt, bright-eyed, and not unattractive. But looking at it deeper we see that it is not really a normal face at all. Perhaps it's in the eyes or in the look, but whatever it is, the eyes tell that this is a monster. He looks up at Bill Soames and nods. PAN OVER TO AUNT AMY as she slowly turns her vacant eyes over to Soames.

AUNT AMY

(fanning herself)

It's a terrible hot day, though. It's a terrible hot day.

9. CLOSE SHOT BILL

Who looks agonized at her.

BILL

(he almost cringes when he speaks)

Oh, I wouldn't say that ... Aunt Amy. No, sir, I wouldn't say that at all.

(with a sidelong look at Anthony)

It's fine. It's just fine. It's a real good day.

10. DIFFERENT ANGLE OF HIM

As he starts to carry the groceries up the steps, stops, looks off at something a few feet away, cringes, shakes, turns his head away.



BILL
What you doin', Anthony? My, that's real good ... whatever it is ... I was just wonderin' what you were doin'.

11. CLOSE SHOT ANTHONY

ANTHONY
I made a gopher with three heads. See him?

12. ANGLE SHOT LOOKING UP TOWARD BILL'S FACE

As his eyes look glazed.

BILL
Yeah. Yeah ... he's a real fine one. I ain't never seen a gopher with three heads.

CUT TO.

13. CLOSE SHOT ANTHONY

ANTHONY
I'll make him dead now. I'm tired of playing with him. Be dead. Gopher, you be dead.

CUT TO.

14. CLOSE SHOT BILL'S FACE

BILL
Now that's real fine, Anthony. That's real fine what you done. You made him dead. That's good that you done that. That's real good.

Aunt Amy rises and looks over the railing and makes a face.

AUNT AMY
Ain't he an ugly thing, though. Ain't he ...

(searching for a word)
Ain't he grotesque looking. You better bury him, Anthony.

ANTHONY
I'll wish him into the corn field. (he rises, looks down at something close to his feet)
Go into the corn field. Go be in the corn field.

CUT TO.

16. CLOSE SHOT PORTION OF GROUND

Where obviously a living, digging creature had been.

17. CLOSE SHOT ANTHONY
As he turns back toward Bill.

ANTHONY
You don't want me to wish you dead, do you?

BILL
(gulps, his face turns white)
Why ... why no, Anthony. No I don't. But ... but you do some real fine things. Real fine. You're a ... you're a good boy. Anthony. We all love you. Don't we, Aunt Amy? Don't we love Anthony? We sure do love him. We love that boy.

The CAMERA MOVES IN tight on his face as tears appear in his eyes, and in just one brief, sporadic moment, a sob tears itself away from his throat. He whirls around and carries a bag of groceries into the house. THE CAMERA STARTS A SLOW PAN back away from the old woman,

down to where Anthony sits and stares out across at the field.

SERLING'S VOICE

In just a moment we'll get even a closer look at Anthony Fremont and the people of the village and the village itself. Peaksville, Ohio, in a world in which nothing exists except Peaksville. A world that Anthony Fremont manufactured. A nightmare that lies at the center of ... the Twilight Zone.

FADE TO BLACK.

**OPENING BILLBOARD
FIRST COMMERCIAL**

FADE ON.

**18. INT. FARM KITCHEN
FREMONT HOUSE
DAY**

Anthony's mother is just checking a roast in the oven as Bill Soames brings in the grocery bag.

MRS. FREMONT
(smiles at him)
Howdy, Bill. Got everything?

BILL
Pretty much, Mrs. Fremont. (he checks a list)
Didn't have any more laundry soap, though. All out of laundry soap.

MRS. FREMONT
Well, that's to be expected. Not even the bar soap though, huh? All out of that too?

BILL
Oh, we been out of that for a year, you know that Mrs. Fremont. We ain't had no bar soap for over a year. But I got a couple of cans of soup in there. Didn't even know we had them left. And Anthony loves tomato soup, don't he? So I brought that.

(a pause and his voice is suddenly strained)
You'll tell him, won't you, Mrs. Fremont? Tell him I brought him the tomato soup 'cause I heard he liked it. Tell him I brought it, won't you?

MRS. FREMONT
(smiles at him)
Why, of course, I will, Bill. I'll tell

him. Matter of fact, I'll tell him right now.

BILL

(his voice almost a gasp)
No, no, no, Mrs. Fremont. You don't have to go to that trouble now. I gotta ... I gotta get goin'. I gotta get back to the store.

**19. CLOSE SHOT
MRS. FREMONT**

MRS. FREMONT

You don't have to be frightened of him, Bill. He likes you. He's told me that several times. How much he liked you.

20. TWO SHOT

BILL

That's ... that's real nice to hear. He's a ... he's a clever boy, Mrs. Fremont. You know what he was doing out there?

MRS. FREMONT

Makin' something, I imagine. Yesterday he made a ... (she looks away, makes a gesture with her hands)

Some kind of furry animal. I never did see the likes of it. But he invented it all by himself. Had real sharp teeth too. Tried to bite him. Anthony wished it into the corn field. I was kind of hoping that ...

There's silence for a moment.

BILL

(in a strained voice)

I got to be going, Mrs. Fremont. But I'm real glad ... I mean it's real fine that Anthony keeps making these things. Real fine indeed. Yes, ma'am ... it's real fine.

He almost holds his breath as he turns away and starts out of the kitchen.

MRS. FREMONT
(calls after him)

See you tonight, won't we, Bill?

BILL

(at the door)
Tonight?

MRS. FREMONT

Why, sure. It's television night tonight. Anthony's going to put a picture on the television. And we're going to have the

surprise party for Dan Hollis. A real nice surprise party.

BILL

Oh, I'll be there, Mrs. Fremont. I'll certainly be there.

He turns quickly and abruptly and starts out.

CUT TO.

21. EXT. HOUSE

As Bill comes out on the porch, nods at Aunt Amy, looks hurriedly around for a sight of Anthony, then walks stiff-legged over to the bicycle, again looks around, jumps on the bike, and pedals furiously away.

CUT TO.

22. FULL SHOT THE PORCH

As Mrs. Fremont comes out.

MRS. FREMONT

Where's Anthony?

AUNT AMY

I think he went into the barn. I kept telling him he shouldn't go in there, but—

**23. CLOSE SHOT
MRS. FREMONT**

As her face turns grim.

MRS. FREMONT

Amy!

(then in a totally different tone)

Why, it's a real good thing that

Anthony goes into the barn. A real good thing.

AUNT AMY

(tries to fasten her vacant eyes on her)

But Agnes ... Agnes, he ain't even around now. You don't have to say that—

MRS. FREMONT

(the same grotesque smile)

But even so, Amy ... even so ... it's nice that he goes into the barn. It's real nice.

(then kneeling down close to the old woman)

We musn't think anything bad about him, Amy.

AUNT AMY

But he isn't even around—

MRS. FREMONT

Amy dear ... you know as well as I do ... sometimes he can ... he can hear what we're thinking no matter where he is. So you just think real nice things, Amy. Real nice things about how good it is that Anthony's going into the barn. And tonight ... tonight we'll have Dan Hollis's birthday party and we'll watch the nice television that Anthony shows on the screen for us and we'll just have a delightful time, all of us. Just a real nice, delightful time.



It's a Good Life

CAMERA PANS OVER for a closer shot of Aunt Amy, who looks up at the hot summer sky.

AUNT AMY

But it's such a hot day. I hope it cools off tonight

24. LONG SHOT ACROSS THE PORCH OF ANTHONY

As he walks toward them.

25. CLOSE SHOT MRS. FREMONT

Perspiration showing on her forehead.

MRS. FREMONT

Oh, I wouldn't say that it was hot, Amy. It's just right. It's a real good day. A real good day!

DISSOLVE TO.

26. INT. FREMONT BEDROOM NIGHT

Dad Fremont is washing his face out of a big pitcher and bowl that sits on the dresser. He reaches for a towel, dries himself off, then suddenly freezes, turns very slowly to see Anthony staring at him, and once again on his face appears the manufactured smile that is standard for all the inhabitants of the weird place.

DAD FREMONT

Well, howdy, son. I was looking for you a bit ago. Your Mama said you was out in the barn.

ANTHONY

I was looking at the cow.

DAD FREMONT

(swallows)

Oh, that's good. That's real good, Anthony. That you were looking at the cow. Now you wasn't playing any tricks on your old Dad, were you? I mean ... well, you remember a year ago ... when we had the pigs?

ANTHONY

(nods unemotionally)

I turned them into monsters.

DAD FREMONT

(laughs loudly as if his son had just cracked a joke)

Doggone if you didn't. Real funny-lookin' things

(then humbly)

But good things, Anthony. Real

good things. And it's good that you did that. It's real good.

ANTHONY

Television night tonight I'm gonna make television for everybody.

DAD FREMONT

You sure are. Everybody's lookin' forward to it too, just like they do every week when you make television. And we're going to have the surprise birthday party for Dan Hollis, too.

27. CLOSE SHOT ANTHONY

As he looks around the room.

28. CLOSE SHOT DAD FREMONT

As his eyes half-close in an anguished expectation of what new horror can be wrought here. Then breathing heavily and with the same gargle smile—

DAD FREMONT

Was you looking for something, Anthony? Can I get you something, son?

ANTHONY

No kids came over to play with me today. Not a single one. And I wanted someone to play with.

Dad Fremont turns toward the mirror.

29. ANGLE SHOT ANTHONY'S REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR ALONG WITH DAD'S

DAD FREMONT

Well now, Anthony ... you remember the last time some children came over? (he wets his lips and we see perspiration form)

The little Fredricks boy and his sister?

ANTHONY

I had a real good time.

DAD FREMONT

(humbly)

Oh, sure you did. Sure you had a real good time. And it's good that you have a good time. It's real good. It's just that ...

ANTHONY

It's just that what?

DAD FREMONT

It's just that you ... you wished them into the corn field. But their Mommy and Daddy were real upset.

ANTHONY

About what?

DAD FREMONT

(stumbling, perspiring, ripped to pieces by fear)

Oh, I didn't mean upset. It was real good that you wished them into the corn field. Real good. And everybody was glad. But if you ... if you wish people away like that ... there won't be no one left.

(he turns away from the mirror toward his son)

Maybe next week, Anthony ... we'll talk to some of the folks about having their children come over. We'll do that, won't we?

Anthony nods stoically, his face a mask.

DAD FREMONT

And you can make some of those funny animals that you make. That's fun, isn't it? That's lots of fun.

Again Anthony nods. There's the sound of a dog barking from outside.

30. CLOSE SHOT ANTHONY

As he looks off, listening to the dog barking.

ANTHONY

That's Bill Scames's collie. That's that dog that comes around.

31. TWO SHOT

DAD FREMONT

(nods)

Yeah, that does sound like Bill Scames's dog.

(his mouth twists and turns as again he wets his lips and tries to maintain the smile)

Not many dogs left now.

Anthony. You wished them all away.

ANTHONY

(turns, stares at his father)

I don't like them. They didn't like me. I hate anybody like that I hate anybody who doesn't like me.

DAD FREMONT

Why, everybody likes you.
Anthony. They love you, son.
You're everybody's favorite.

ANTHONY

I heard somebody think one
time. I don't remember when
... but sometime ... that I
shouldn't have wished away
all the automobiles and things
and the 'lectricity. They said
that it wasn't good that I did
that. Somebody thought that
one time.

(he stares off into space and turns
to his father)

Who? Who thought that?

DAD FREMONT

(laughs jovially)

Why, that was Teddy Reynolds
who thought that. He owned
the farm up the road. Why, it's
real good that you can
remember that far back.
Anthony. It's real good.

ANTHONY

(nods and smiles)

Yes, and I remember what I did
to him, too. I made him go on
fire and he ran through his
fields screaming. Screaming for
the longest time. Yes, I
remember that.

(he smiles happily, then the smile
fades)

He shouldn't have thought
those bad thoughts. That's why I
did that to him.

Again the dog barks from outside.
The CAMERA MOVES IN for an
extremely close shot of Anthony
who turns and walks over to the
window.

ANTHONY

That dog ... that collie dog ...
he doesn't like me. He's a bad
dog.

At this moment something
happens to the child's eyes. They
seem to burn fiercely. There's a
piercing, screaming yelp of pain
from the animal outside that fades
off in a dissonant, dying whisper,
and then there is silence.

**32. MOVING SHOT
DAD FREMONT**

As he walks to his son's side.

DAD FREMONT

Well now, Anthony ... did you



do something to Bill Soames's
dog? Did you?

As his eyes traverse the yard
outside he suddenly stops, closes
them and almost shakes. Then his
lips tremble and he tries to form
words and finally words come out.

DAD FREMONT

Why ... why, isn't that a good
thing what you done, Anthony.
A real good thing. But it would
be another good thing if you
... if you ...

(he closes his eyes again and the
voice comes out as a kind of
hoarse whisper)

If you wished what was left of
him into the corn field. It's a
good thing what you did to
him, but ... but ...

The CAMERA MOVES OVER to
Anthony, who nods, concentrates,
then looks back at his father.

ANTHONY

I put him in the corn field. He
isn't outside anymore.

**33. DIFFERENT ANGLE
ANTHONY**

As he turns and walks across the
room and out. PAN BACK over for
a medium close shot of Dad
Fremont as he stands at the
window, his head down, fingers
clenching and unclenching.
Footsteps approach and Mrs.
Fremont enters the room.

**34. CLOSE SHOT
MRS. FREMONT**

Her face is white and stricken.

MRS. FREMONT

Bill Soames's collie was out in
the yard. I heard him barking
and then he screamed. I didn't
see it happen, but Aunt Amy
said it looked like somebody
had taken a torch and—

She stops abruptly and looks
down at the floor.

35. TWO SHOT

DAD FREMONT

(smiles, nods, chuckles and it all
comes out like some kind of
maniacal masquerade)

Why, Anthony done that. It was
a real good thing that Anthony
done it, wasn't it, honey? Wasn't
it a real good thing?

MRS. FREMONT

(hurriedly, looking around)

Oh yes. Yes, indeed. It was a
real good thing that Anthony
done that. Well, I've got to get
back and get supper ready.
Ethel's bringing over a cake for
Dan. She found the last box of
cane sugar that there was to
be found. The very last box.
And Dan hasn't got one single
inkling that there's a surprise
party for him. Not one.

DAD FREMONT

(staring out the window, softly)
That's good. That's real good.

MRS. FREMONT

And you know how much Dan
likes music. Well, last week
Thelma Dunn found a record in
her attic.

It's a Good Life

DAD FREMONT

That a fact!

MRS. FREMONT

Yes! And she's going to give it to him tonight. Isn't that a wonderful surprise?

DAD FREMONT

Well, now, it sure is. A record, imagine! That's a real nice thing to find! What record is it?

MRS. FREMONT

Perry Como singing, "You Are My Sunshine."

DAD FREMONT

Well, doggone it! I always liked that tune. How did Thelma happen to find it?

MRS. FREMONT

Oh, you know—just looking around for new things.

* DAD FREMONT

M'm. Say, who has that picture we found a while back? I kinda liked it—that old clipper sailing along—

MRS. FREMONT

The Smiths. Next week the Sipiches get it, and they give the Smiths old MacIntyre's music box! And we give the Sipiches—

Her voice fades off as the CAMERA MOVES OVER to Dad Fremont who turns and looks out the window. We hear his voice.

DAD FREMONT'S VOICE

That's the way of things now. There's so little left. Everybody keeps a few things for a while, then they trade off. There's about three books left, and each family can keep it for a week, then trade it for something else, like with the stereoscope the Van Heusens found in their cellar or the can of beer that Bill Soames found wedged into an old icebox lying in the junk yard. You see the thing of it is, Anthony ... Anthony fixed it so we're kind of all alone in the world. Nothing new ever gets built anymore. Nothing new at all.

CUT TO:

36. CLOSE SHOT THE DOOR

As Anthony enters. He stares across the room at his father.

37. CLOSE SHOT DAD FREMONT

Whose face goes pale.

FREMONT'S VOICE

But it's good ... It's good that it's turned out this way. It's real good. That's what it is—it's real good.

A SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE ON.

38. INT. FREMONT LIVING ROOM

There are perhaps six couples sitting around staring at the television set. The CAMERA PANS ACROSS the faces of these people. Each wears a fixed, forced smile and at intervals they applaud as if by direction. But it's as if they were all robots with someone pushing a button somewhere directing them. The CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN over toward the television set. Hunched over on the floor is Anthony sitting directly in front of it and obviously manipulating it, for on the screen are grotesque color patterns, weird formless lines and shadows. On occasion a passing face that is only partially humanoid appears, and at intervals there is a sound of some kind of strange, discordant music which Anthony also projects. The CAMERA NOW PULLS BACK still shooting across at the television set but favoring Dan Hollis and his wife Ethel. They sit close together holding hands tightly. Piled alongside of Hollis are his collection of "gifts" pitiful fragments of another time that everybody collected for this special occasion. A nondescript wooden carved box, a half a bottle of peach brandy, etc. At this moment Anthony jumps up. The television screen goes black. The entire room applauds.

ANTHONY

That's all the television there is.

THELMA DUNN

(pats his cheek)

Oh it was wonderful, Anthony. Wasn't it wonderful, everyone?

Wasn't Anthony's television wonderful tonight?

There's a chorus of forced approval that comes from tight grim mouths.

THELMA

It was much better than the old television.

The chorus of voices goes up in assent with sentence fragments like, "Oh, it certainly was." "Much, much better." "It was the best yet"

MRS. FREMONT

(rises from the couch)

And now the big surprise for Dan's birthday. Go ahead, Ethel. Give your hubby the big surprise.

Ethel goes over to a spot behind the sofa and takes a circular wrapped package. She hands it to Hollis. He looks at it, grinning.

HOLLIS

What's this?

(he slowly opens the package and removes the phonograph record. He holds it up)

Perry Como.

(His eyes mist)

Why, I haven't heard Perry Como in years and years.

His wife hugs him.

ETHEL

Happy birthday, darling. Happy birthday.

HOLLIS

(laughs, pulling his wife's arm off of him)

Hey, you better be careful. I'm holding a priceless object. (he looks down at the record again)

Look ... do you think we could play it? Gosh, what I'd give to hear some new music ... just the first part, the orchestra part, before Como sings?

There's a sober silence as everyone stares at him and then looks away.

DAD FREMONT

I don't think we'd better, Dan. After all, we don't know just where the singer comes in. It would be taking too much of a chance. Better wait till you get home.

39. DIFFERENT ANGLE HOLLIS

As he reluctantly puts the record down on the table.

HOLLIS

(automatically)

It's good that I can't play it here.

THELMA

Oh yes, it's good. It's really good.

MRS. FREMONT

Now I think it's time for Pat Riley to play some piano for us. How about it, Pat?

RILEY

(a youngish farmer, laughs)
My pleasure.

He walks over to the piano, sits down and starts to play, suddenly conscious that Anthony is standing close to him, watching him.

40. CLOSE SHOT HIS FINGERS ON THE KEYS

PAN UP TO ANGLE SHOT: his face as the features twist. He forces a smile and hits a flat note. Then he whirls around hurriedly to Anthony.

RILEY

It would be good if you told me what to play, Anthony. It would be real good if you tell me what music you like.

ANTHONY

Just play. Play anything.

RILEY

(forces the smile again)

All right. All right. I'll play ... I'll play "Night and Day." That's a nice old tune.

The people converge around the piano. There's a chorus of voices. "Yes, that's a good tune." "It's good that you're going to play that." "Oh, that's lovely tune."

41. FULL SHOT THE ROOM

As Riley continues to play. CAMERA PANS OVER for a shot of Dan Hollis, who's drinking the brandy in long, thirsty gulps. Every now and then he looks over at the record that he's placed on the table and once he reaches over to touch it in almost a caress.

42. CLOSE SHOT DAD FREMONT

Watching Hollis.

43. CLOSE SHOT ETHEL

His wife, as she too, with nervous fingers in her mouth, watches her husband drink.

44. CLOSE SHOT HOLLIS

As once again he puts the bottle to his mouth, takes another long, long swig, then puts the bottle down, and in doing so upsets a cup. The noise of it is a shattering intrusion on the music and all eyes turn toward him. The last face to turn in his direction is that of Anthony.

45. MED. CLOSE SHOT ANTHONY

Who surveys the man coldly.

ANTHONY

Don't make any noise when the music is playing. I don't like noise when the music is playing.

46. CLOSE SHOT HOLLIS

As he blinks back the enveloping pressure of the alcohol, tosses a salute, smiles and reaches down for the bottle again.

47. CLOSE SHOT DAD FREMONT

Who slowly turns back toward the piano, but in doing so throws a look at Anthony, then over to his wife who stands there, hands clenched together in front of her as Riley continues to play.

48. CLOSE SHOT HOLLIS

As he takes another drink, giggles a little bit, then looks down at his wife who has crossed over to stand close to him. Her face is a mask of fear.

ETHEL

(in a whisper)

Dan ... Dan, please ...

HOLLIS

Please what? I'm not doing anything. I'm just drinking this peach brandy. I'm just drinking one of my birthday presents. That's all I'm doing.

There's a rustle and murmur in the room as eyes move from Hollis to Anthony, eyes that betray the cold, clammy nightmare that enfolds all of them.

49. TWO SHOT ETHEL AND HOLLIS

Again as she grabs the front of his coat.

ETHEL

(in an anguished whisper)

Please, Dan. For the love of heaven ... please don't say anything.

HOLLIS

(now past the point of realization, takes another drink)

Who's saying anything? I'm not saying anything. I'm not saying anything at all.



It's a Good Life

50. PAN SHOT AROUND THE FACES OF THE PEOPLE

Winding up on a shot of Dad Fremont who touches Pat Riley's arm.

DAD FREMONT

Go ahead, Pat. Play. Keep playing.

51. DIFFERENT ANGLE HOLLIS

As he moves away from his wife and carries the bottle to the center of the room. He looks over toward the piano.

HOLLIS

This is real good brandy. Real good. Do you people know something? There's only five bottles of real whiskey left in the whole village. Only five bottles. One rye, two Scotch, one after-dinner liqueur, and this here. And when all that's gone—there won't be any left at all. None at all.

(he grins drunkenly)

No whiskey at all.

He stumbles as he turns and goes back over to the table where the record is. He picks it up and stares at it.

HOLLIS

Nuts.

(then shouting it suddenly)

Nuts. Can't even play my record. Can't even play Perry Como.

He suddenly takes the nearly empty bottle and throws it across the room where it smashes against the wall.

52-55. SERIES OF CLOSE-UPS OF THE PEOPLE IN THE ROOM.

As each look reflects their own personal horror.

56. DIFFERENT ANGLE HOLLIS

As he walks over to Pat Riley at the piano, puts his hand on his shoulder.

HOLLIS

Don't play that, Pat. That's not what I want you to play. Play this.

(he then sings in a discordant, off-key drunken voice)

Happy birthday to me ...
Happy birthday to me ...

ETHEL

(screaming)

Dan!

57. MOVING SHOT WITH HER

As she runs over to him and tries to grab his arm. She screams again.

ETHEL

Please stop—

58. CLOSE SHOT THELMA DUNN

Who half-whispers, half-shouts.

THELMA

Quiet ... oh please, Ethel ...
be quiet—

59. DIFFERENT ANGLE THE ROOM

As two of them grab Ethel and pull her away. One of them covers her mouth with his hand.

60. CLOSE SHOT HOLLIS

As he continues to sing.

HOLLIS

Happy birthday, dear Danny.
Happy birthday to me.

(he stops abruptly and looks down at Riley)

Play it, Pat. Play it so I can sing right. You know I can't carry a tune unless somebody plays it.

61. ANGLE SHOT LOOKING UP AT PAT RILEY

His face sweaty and white, his hands shaking on the keys as he starts to play something like "Lover" in a slow waltz tempo, but his hands tumbling so badly over the keys that every other note is flat and wrong.

62. EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT HOLLIS

As he turns very slowly away from the piano bench. He stares across the room at Dad Fremont and Mrs. Fremont, who stands close by. He suddenly whirls around and slams his own hand on the keyboard, stopping all sound in one burst of discordant chord. Then he straightens up and looks again toward the Fremonts.

HOLLIS

You! You and her!
(tears gleam on his cheeks,
caught by the candlelight in the room)

You had him. You had to go
have him.

(he shuts his eyes tightly and squeezes the tears out. Then he suddenly throws back his head and sings again)

"You are my sunshine ... my only sunshine ... you make me happy ... when I am blue. ..."

63. CLOSE SHOT ETHEL

Struggling in the embrace of the two men who hold her.

64. CLOSE SHOT HOLLIS

As he stops singing, looks down at the floor then looks up.

A VERY SLOW PAN OVER to the other end of the room where Anthony stands there watching him, his cold eyes surveying him, the little face a mask.

HOLLIS

You monster you. You dirty little monster. You murderer.

(he takes a step toward the boy)
You go ahead, Anthony. You think about me. You think back thoughts about me and maybe some man in this room, some man with guts, somebody who's so sick to death of living in this kind of place and is willing to take a chance ... will sneak up behind you and lay something across your skull and end this once and for all—

65. CLOSE SHOT ANTHONY

As his eyes widen.

ANTHONY

You're a bad man. You're a very bad man.

66. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD HOLLIS

Who stands there, halfswaying with the alcohol.

HOLLIS

You think that, Anthony. You go ahead. I'm a very bad man.

Keep thinking that
(then turning this way and that way)

Somebody get behind him.
Somebody end this now. While he's thinking about me—why doesn't somebody take a lamp or a bottle or something and—

CUT TO

67. CLOSE SHOT ANTHONY
As he slowly raises his arm and points to Hollis.

ANTHONY
You're a very bad man. And you keep thinking bad thoughts about me.

68. CLOSER, TIGHTER ANGLE ON ANTHONY
As he eyes suddenly burn bright and fierce.

CUT TO:

69-72. SEVERAL EXTREMELY TIGHT TILT CLOSE SHOTS OF THE FACES OF THE PEOPLE

As their eyes widen. The women scream. The men turn their heads away. The last close-up is that of Ethel who suddenly breaks away from the two men holding her and lets out one long, vast shriek.

CUT TO:

73. ANGLE SHOT OF THE FLOOR

Where the shadow of what Dan Hollis is now plays on the wall. It is a wiggly, cobra-like thing which coils and uncoils. Dad Fremont takes a step toward his son.

DAD FREMONT

Anthony, wish it away. Wish it into the corn field. Please, son. Wish it into the corn field—

74. CLOSE SHOT ANTHONY
Who nods, looks down again, concentrating.

CUT TO:

75. SHADOW ON THE WALL
As it disappears. In its aftermath there is absolute dead silence.

76. CLOSE SHOT ANTHONY
ANTHONY
He was a bad man, so I turned him into a snake. A snake that still had his bad face.

He turns toward Ethel who looks at him with an expression that cannot be described, half horror, half fear, half a burgeoning hate.

ANTHONY
You mustn't think bad thoughts either or I'll do the same thing to you.

(he slowly turns toward Pat Riley)
Play some more music.

77. CLOSE SHOT DAD FREMONT

DAD FREMONT
It's a ... it's a good thing that you did that to Dan. It's a very good thing.

78. CLOSE SHOT PAT RILEY
Who once again begins to play "Night and Day" on the piano, tears rolling down his face.

RILEY
Oh yes, it was swell. Just swell. A real good thing.

79. DIFFERENT ANGLE ANTHONY
As he climbs up on top of the piano and sits there quietly with his hands in his lap.

80. CLOSE SHOT AUNT AMY
Who sighs, looks at the piano, then the television set.

AUNT AMY
(softly, with a sigh)
I kind of liked it a little bit better when there were cities outside and we could get real television and things like that.

MRS. FREMONT
Why, Amy—it's good for you to say such a thing. Very good. But how can you mean it? Why, Anthony's television is much better than anything we ever used to get.

81. CLOSE SHOT DAD FREMONT
DAD FREMONT
Oh yes. It's fine. Anthony's are the best shows we've ever seen.

Again the chorus of assent, hopeful voices in total agreement and gargoyle smiles. The **CAMERA PANS OVER** to the window where suddenly we begin to see heavy drops of snow.

DAD FREMONT
It's snowing outside. Anthony, are you making it snow?

82. CLOSE SHOT ANTHONY
Who nods.
ANTHONY
Yes. I'm making it snow.



83. CLOSE SHOT DAD FREMONT
Who smiles.

DAD FREMONT
That'll kill off half the crops. That's what that'll do, Anthony. (then his lips tremble)
But it's good that you're making it snow. It's real good. And tomorrow ... tomorrow will be a good day!

84. CLOSE SHOT ANTHONY AGAIN ON THE PIANO
As he looks down at Pat Riley playing. The **CAMERA STARTS TO PULL AWAY FROM THE PIANO** across the room toward the window. We hear Serling's voice.

SERLING'S VOICE
No comment here. No comment at all. We only wanted to introduce you to one of our very special citizens—little Anthony Fremont, age six, who lives in a village called Peaksville in a place that used to be Ohio. And if by some strange chance you should run across him ... you had best think only good thoughts. Anything less than that is handled at your own risk. Because if you do meet Anthony ... you can be sure of one thing. You have entered ... the Twilight Zone.

PAN UP to starry sky.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END



Relive the past!

JULY '81: A dozen new tales by Robert Silverberg, Robert Shekley, Ron Goulart, Charles L. Grant, Stanley Schmidt, & others; *Superman's* Richard Donner on directing *The Twilight Zone*; Serling's tv chiller, *The Eye of the Beholder*; *Show-by-Show* #4. SEPTEMBER: Richard Matheson interview; new fiction by John Sladek, Gary Brandner, & Parke Godwin; tv history, *Forerunners of 'The Twilight Zone'*; Serling classic, *Time Enough at Last*; Dr. Van Helsing on fear of ghosts; *Show-by-Show* #6. NOVEMBER: New tales by Tanith Lee, Thomas Disch, Ramsey Campbell, Stanley Schmidt, & Clark Howard; John Saul interview; TZ script, *Death's Head Revisited*; preview of *Halloween II*; Dr. Van Helsing on the joy of terror; *Show-by-Show* #8. DECEMBER: An outspoken interview with Harlan Ellison; *The Midnight Sun*, TZ classic script; M.R. James profile & James classic, *The Ash-Tree*; *Quest for Fire* preview; 8 new tales of humor & horror; *Show-by-Show* #9. JANUARY '82: Rod Serling recalls *My Most Memorable Christmas*; Frank Belknap Long recalls H.P. Lovecraft; *Ghost Story* preview; fiction by Robert Shekley, Reginald Bretnor, Parke Godwin, Connie Willis, & John Morressy; *The Night of the Meek*, Santa in TZ classic; LeFanu profile & classic tale; *Show-by-Show* #10. MARCH: Fritz Leiber interview, plus Leiber classic; 8 new tales by Ron Goulart, Robert Vardeman, & others; on the set of *The Thing*; preview of *Stab*, with Roy Scheider & Meryl Streep; Serling's *A Passage for Trumpet*; *Show-by-Show* #12. MAY: Peter Straub's new novelette, *The General's Wife*; Terry Gilliam interview; on the *Creepshow* set with Stephen King & George Romero; Serling's *The Four of Us Are Dying*, plus George Clayton Johnson's original story; 7 new tales by Connie Willis, Kit Reed, & others; *Dark Crystal* preview; Tierney's *Doomsday Poems*; *Show-by-Show* #14. JUNE: Richard Matheson's unseen TZ script, *The Doll*; Philip K. Dick interview; *Blade Runner* preview; *Fantasy in Clay* photo feature; 9 new tales by Pamela Sargent, Richard Christian Matheson, & others; *Show-by-Show* #15. JULY: Stories by Robert Silverberg, Joan Aiken, & Joe Lansdale; Stephen King on films, Thomas Disch on books; Robertson Davies interview & story; *Ghostly Britain* photos; preview of *The Thing*; Serling's *100 Yards Over the Rim*; making *The Last Horror Film*; *Show-by-Show* #16. AUGUST: Poe & Robert Bloch together in *The Lighthouse*; Douglas Heyes, TZ director, interviewed; funhouse photo-tour; 7 new stories; a look at *Tron*, *Poltergeist*, and E.T.; Serling's *The Trade-Ins*; *Show-by-Show* #17. SEPTEMBER: Long-lost Serling radio script; previews of *Creepshow* and *Something Wicked*; Paul Schrader interview; special Arthur Machen section; 7 new tales, new horror quiz; *Show-by-Show* #18. OCTOBER: Nicholas Meyer interview on *Star Trek*; Ireland's ghostly mansions; tales by Avram Davidson and Robert Shekley; Serling's *In Praise of Pip*; *Show-by-Show* #19. NOVEMBER: John Carpenter interview; Stephen King on *The Evil Dead*; *Halloween III* preview; Serling's *Quality of Mercy*; 8 great tales for Halloween; *Show-by-Show* #20. DECEMBER: Living Doll, Charles Beaumont's TZ classic; Ridley Scott's interview; L. P. Hartley profile; Xtro preview; 8 new stories; *Show-by-Show* #21. JAN.-FEB. '83: Color fantasy-film wrapup; Roald Dahl interview; Serling's lost *Christmas Carol*, plus one for the Angels; E. T. at the U.N.; *Show-by-Show* #22. MARCH-APRIL: Contest prizewinners; Serling's own *Twilight Zone* movie; Colin Wilson interview; *The Hunger* preview; TZ script & story by Richard Matheson; *Show-by-Show* #23. MAY-JUNE: Stephen King's new novelette *The Raft* and 6 more tales; V. C. Andrews interview; previews of *Something Wicked*, *Psycho II*, *The Keep*; *Fantasy's* Five-Foot Shelf; Serling's *The Lonely*; *Show-by-Show* #24. JULY-AUGUST: New photos from *Twilight Zone—The Movie*, special supernatural cat issue; *Brainstorm* preview; H.P. Lovecraft interview; Serling's *Five Characters in Search of an Exit*; *Show-by-Show* #25. SEPT.-OCT.: Special Section, *Twilight Zone—The Movie*; 4 new tales; *Fantasy Acoustic* #2; Johnson's *Kick the Can*; final *Show-by-Show* Guide to TV's *Twilight Zone*.

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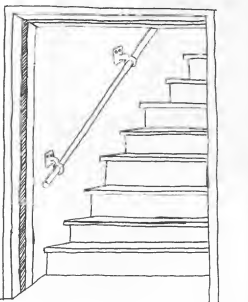
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